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THEN AND NOW.

BY J. CHANEERS.

I loved you not. A year since leaves were falling
And autumn clouds hung gray with discontent,
And through the woods the sighing winds were calling
As if to find the way the summer went.
Do you remember when the sullen river
Gave back the dreary sky?—then first we met—
And oh! how soon sped darts from Cupid's quiver,
But harmless fell—I'd not learnt loving yet—
For then I loved you not.

I love you now. Again the winds are ranging
Amid the leaves upon the autumn boughs,
And scarlet, red and brown the leaves are changing,
As all things change, except, perhaps, our vows.
I love you now—what need to pause and ponder?
Love knows no law, and leaves no room to guess
The reason of his coming—then why wonder
That I so prize these hours of happiness?—
For oh! I love you now.

A Bitter Reckoning.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BY CROOKED PATHS," "BRED IN THE BONE," "CROSS PURPOSES," ETC.

CHAPTER V.—(CONTINUED.)

I BELIEVE that you love me, and that you would marry me to-morrow if I came to you and said, 'I am not Pauline Malling at all. I am an impostor. I own nothing in the world but the clothes I stand up in.'"

She had freed herself from Jack's arm, and stood before him with her hands on his shoulders, trying to read his face by the dim light of the stars. Jack took the beautiful face between his hands and kissed it passionately.

"My darling, I only wish you were poor that I might prove how much I love you!"

She resigned herself to his embrace, and sighed wearily as she laid her hand on his shoulder.

Jack cogitated on the change in his *fiancée*, as he smoked his cigar in his room that night.

"What a wonderful thing a woman's love is!" he murmured complacently. "This grand imperious creature, who has treated the noblest and wealthiest of the land as playthings, no sooner meets a man she loves than all the womanly traits of her character come out, and she is as subdued, gentle, and trusting as the humblest of her sex—almost as gentle as"—he was almost saying, "my little Ethel." He pulled himself up impatiently, and a little pang of regret seized him as he recalled the fact that she was no longer his. "There is one thing I don't like, and that is this secrecy. It looks as if I were stealing my beautiful queen from her people. I would far rather go straight to Lord Summers for his approval. Of course it would be only a form, as Pauline is so nearly twenty-five; but it is a form I would rather observe than omit."

He shrugged his shoulders as he threw the end of his cigar through the window and prepared to retire for the night, reviling himself as a "splitter of straws, a-searching for flaws, with out any cause."

* * * * * *

A letter lay by Ethel's plate; but she did not touch it. Mr. Mallett, self-absorbed as ever, did not notice how his daughter was struggling to preserve her usual composure all through the breakfast-time.

"Then you will send word to Captain Pelling about to-morrow. I should like to go very much; but I will not interfere with you in any way, my child; so decide as will please yourself."

Ethel went down-stairs with him, kissed him at the door, bade him not to be later than one o'clock, as it was Saturday, and she expected her usual weekly half-holiday, and then returned up-stairs to her letter.

Her pretty face was ghastly pale, and her hand shook a little as she picked it up; but her mouth was firmly set, and there was no trace of tears as she now broke the seal.

It was a very short letter, and, however much she might have felt inclined to cry beforehand, its business-like, matter-of-fact tone roused all her woman's pride, and her indignation choked her grief before she had finished reading it.

Jack Dornton had not intended to be cruel when he wrote it; but, after destroying a dozen sheets of paper in his desire to be neither too soft nor too hard, he decided at last that the shorter and plainer he made it the better; and this was what he had written—

"My dear Ethel,—I should not have had the courage to do as you have done; but perhaps you are right—as indeed you always are. For the future will you allow me to consider myself

"Your faithful friend,
JOHN DORNTON?"

"I am glad—so very glad I wrote. It would have been dreadful if we had married, and Jack had found out that he did not care for me afterwards. Now I had better destroy that anonymous letter. I thought that perhaps Jack might have wished the engagement to continue, in which case I should have sent the letter to him and asked for an explanation."

So Ethel went bravely about her home-duties, though her lips were white with the restraint she was putting on her feelings. She tried with all the strength of mind she possessed to put her humiliating grief away from her.

"Why should I sorrow for him if he can throw me off without one word of regret?" she asked herself angrily.

Still, in spite of her determination to crush her love under the weight of her self-respect, she now and again felt as if her heart would break. She resolutely denied herself the relief of tears, and suffered far more intensely in consequence.

The thrushes and the lively robins and perky sparrows were having a good time of it on the lawns at the Wigwam that morning—for there had been a shower during the night, and food was plentiful. Captain Pelling was fond of these small birds, and liked to see them about the place, and he had determined to do what he could to tame them during the hard winter-weather, should he decide to stay on in the Wigwam which he had taken furnished for six months, with the option of renewing his tenancy for a similar term. He did not take much notice of the little creatures that morning, though. He was in a "brown study," and sat so motionless on his comfortable cane chair under the verandah that the more courageous of the birds hopped about within a yard of his feet.

The fact was, Captain Pelling was disappointed. He had expected a letter either from Ethel or Mr. Mallett that morning, to settle about their visit on the morrow.

"Even if they do not care to come," he told himself, "they might have been civil enough to send some conventional excuse."

He was greatly annoyed with Mrs. Crichton at breakfast because she would stand talking about orders for the morrow. At last he told her irritably that the housekeeping was her department, and for Heaven's sake not to worry him about such trifles. He did not know whether he would be alone or whether he would have company. In any case she had better provide plenty; then they would be on the safe side.

Mrs. Crichton apologized, and curtseyed, and was leaving the room, when he repented of his anger, remembering that she had nothing to do with his present annoyance, that she was only doing her duty, and, being a dependant, was hardly a fair butt for his anger; he at once begged her pardon for his ebullition of temper, doing it too so heartily and sincerely that the old lady was more than ever delighted with her temporary master—he having taken her with the house from its owner—and she told Martha, in the privacy of the kitchen, that "he could not have done it handsomer if she'd been a duchess instead of his working-housekeeper."

After a while, it occurred to him that perhaps the Malletts had written, and that the letter had miscarried; and he felt somewhat relieved at the bare idea. Then he wondered if it would look too patronizing on his part if he were to call about their decision. One moment he decided one way, and the next the other, until he had worried himself back into his former state of ill-temper.

At last he made up his mind that he would go up to town in any case; and as he went along he would decide upon what course he would pursue. And all through his vacillation he never once admitted to himself that it was his longing to see Ethel again that had for the moment transformed him into a human shuttlecock.

He shouted to Jim, frightening the birds by the suddenness of the demonstration; and, when the groom appeared round the corner of the house, he ordered the phaeton to be got ready in twenty minutes, adding, "And see that it is ready to the minute, Jim."

Captain Pelling retired indoors, and Jim went off, grumbling at the "inconsiderateness" of masters in general, and this one in particular, "expecting a chap to turn out a carriage-and-pair properly in that time!"

But, notwithstanding the short notice, the phaeton was ready a minute before the appointed time, looking as perfect in every detail as if Jim had known overnight that it would be wanted. Pelling had the reins in his hand and his foot on the step, when he noticed a telegraph-boy coming towards the house. He waited a moment. Yes, it was for him!

"From Geoffrey Mallett, Buckingham Street, Bloomsbury, to Captain Pelling, The Wigwam, Wimbledon.—Shall be with you at two o'clock to-morrow. Get the sketches in inspection order."

And the man of thirty felt a lad again in his light-heartedness, as he sent his handsome bays along the road. But he did not mean to be done out of his intended visit.

"She can't be greatly annoyed if I just stay a moment," he told himself; "and I am not going to disappoint myself after having made up my mind."

Ethel had bustled so energetically through her work, in her anxiety to keep her mind away from her grief, that she found herself with nothing to do a clear hour before her father would be home. She knew it would never do to sit down now and undo the good wrought by her determination; so she put on her hat, intending to go across to Covent Garden and get a few flowers with which to beautify the room, when she heard some one asking for her in the hall below.

She leaned over the balusters, trying to see who the unwelcome visitor was, but caught only a glimpse of a gray-clothed pair of shoulders and of a huge bunch of lovely flowers before they disappeared under the intervening stairs.

A minute afterwards she was shaking hands with Captain Pelling.

"You will forgive my intrusion for the sake of the flowers, won't you Miss Mallett? I got them to make up a bunch of those I thought you would like best. Isn't the color of that rose splendid? And the mignonnette smells so fresh. I don't know whether I like the smell of the mignonnette or of wallflowers the best. Which do you prefer?"

"Wallflowers, I think, because they seem to belong more positively to the country."

"So they do. All the London men grow mignonnette, but they have left the wallflowers alone up to the present. Won't you get some dishes and put the flowers in water now? They look a little thirsty already, don't they?"

Ethel gladly set about what was to her a labor of love. She reached down some large dark-blue dishes from over the mantelpiece, and began fingering the flowers tenderly, laying them loosely in the handsome porcelain, interspersing the green plentifully among the lovely blossoms, Pelling sat in Mr. Mallett's own particular chair, watching her with a great contentment in his honest eyes. But he wondered a little what had caused the wearied look on her face, and he wished with all his heart that circumstances gave him a right to inquire about it.

She looked up presently, and divined something of what was passing in his mind, even fancied he knew something of the truth, and was perhaps pitying her. A hot, angry, distressing blush rushed over her face, and he concluded at once that the worry was in some way connected with that somebody who was "Ethel's affair." He was instantly engrossed with one of Mr. Mallett's paintings on the wall, and took care not to distress her again by his too-evident interest.

"I don't remember this one when I used to come here before I went abroad; I like it very much. How was it I never saw you in those days, Miss Mallett?"

"I suppose I was at school. How long since is it?"

"Between four and five years."

"I was at a convent in France at that time, learning my lessons like a good child."

"I can believe that of you."

"Believe what?"

"That you were a good child."

"On what do you found that belief?"

"Present appearances."

He hoped Ethel would smile at this, and so she did; but there was so little effect from the performance that he decided not to try again.

"By Jove," he thought, "tears would be jollier than such a smile as that!"

Ethel as if suddenly remembering something, then turned to him.

"Do you know I sent you a telegram this morning? I suppose you left home before it arrived?"

It was more an assertion than a question.

"And its import?" asked the artful Captain.

"That we intend lunching with you to-morrow."

"That's good hearing. And your friends? I hope it will be a nice party. How many shall I tell Mrs. Crichton to prepare for?"

He did not look at her as he asked this, but began abruptly to arrange a posy himself.

"There will be only papa and I."

He seemed to realize the true state of affairs as he remarked the painful steadiness of the short reply, and he was seized with a mad desire to horsewhip some unknown perfidious lover. Yet, in spite of his yearning pity for the plucky little girl, his heart quickened joyfully at the thought that perhaps this man's unfaithfulness had left the road open for him.

"I'm glad of it!" he returned heartily—and he meant it. "I shall call at my club on the way back, and leave a message that I am not at home for those everlasting bores with whom I went to Africa, so that we may enjoy the quiet of the country. Now I have seen the flowers safe, I must be off, or Jim will bless me for keeping the horses standing in the sun. I am a perfect slave to those animals, Miss Mallett—truth, I assure you! Good-bye!"

Ethel was surprised to find how little the effort had been to entertain Captain Pelling, never for a moment ascribing her success to the true cause—his determination to entertain her.

As for Pelling, he stopped again at Covent Garden on his way back, and purchased grapes, peaches, pears, pine-apples, and Heaven knows what, until Jim was fenced in with his purchases. At night the Captain set the chairs in the drawing-room window as they had been when Ethel sat there listening to the story of his foolish marriage. Rather sheepish he looked while he was doing it, as if ashamed to acknowledge his folly to himself; but, when it was done, he sat contentedly puffing his cigar, looking at the place where she had sat, and where he hoped she would sit again on the morrow and on many morrows; and his plain but perfectly well-bred face looked almost handsome, beaming with the benevolence of his thoughts, as he pictured the love and happiness with which he would surround Ethel if he only had the chance.

CHAPTER VI.

JACK'S love-making went on swimmingly during the lovely summer weather and among the beauties of Mallingford. The house was full of visitors now, and in accordance with Pauline's wishes, their engagement was kept strictly private, and they enjoyed each other's society only as occasion served. Still, in spite of all their care, the state of affairs was pretty shrewdly guessed at by most of the people about them, and the well-bred guests wondered immensely at Miss Malling's sudden fit of unworldliness.

Strangely enough, Babette, with all her sharpness, was one of the last to hear of her mistress's infatuation for the "artist-chap," as he was scornfully described among the servants; but the moment she did hear of it she began wondering and watching until in her own mind she was sure that Miss Malling was really deeply in love with this good-looking Monsieur Dornton.

Babette liked Jack—as indeed most of the servants did, although they looked upon him as rather belonging to their own rank in life than their mistress's—and knowing, as she believed she did, the evil of Pauline's heart, she was sorry to think that such an altogether too-charming young man should be so thrown away.

There was another and a more powerful motive for her dislike to the match. She guessed, with a woman's keenness in such matters, that this was the one love of Pauline's life, and she told herself that she would give five years of her own existence to be able to rob her of her lover. If she could only find out what the secret worry was that caused Miss Malling's occasional fits of dejection! If it was a disgraceful secret, how joyfully she would betray it to this new lover and send him away from his lady-fair for ever! What happiness it would be to her to stay and watch the anguish and misery she had caused! How she would gloat over Miss Malling's despair and revel in her heart-aches!

So Babette was always on the watch for some clue that would help her to discover her young mistress's secret; and at this time showed great interest in Mrs. Perkins's gossip about the family, hoping to glean some scrap of information that might be of use to her in furthering her revengeful purpose.

"And, if mademoiselle had married against the wishes of Milord Summers, or without his consent, she would have lost the whole estate?" she asked one evening in August, as she sipped her tea leisurely in the one hour during the day that she was sure of a rest from Pauline's everlasting requirements.

"Yes, if she did so before she was twenty-five; but after her twenty-fifth birthday she will be free to marry whomever she pleases; and, as she will be twenty-five on the seventeenth of next month, there is not much chance of her sacrificing the estate at this time of day, after waiting until now."

"That is so," observed Babette, with a disappointed air.

She reflected for a few moments, and a flash of intelligence crossed her face as she asked—

"And if mademoiselle had married in her extreme youth—what you call 'on the sly'—before she had known she was the heiress of this property—how then?"

She put the question quickly enough; but her eyes were glittering with excitement as she awaited Mrs. Perkins's reply.

"I should think she would lose everything."

"Who would have it after her?"

"Sir Geoffrey, the late Baronet's brother."

"To be sure! It must have been a great blow to him when he found himself robbed of everything by his brother's injustice. What did he do? Where did he go?"

"I don't know. He is as proud as any of the family, and, when his brother told him never to come near the place again, as it should never be his while there was another Malling in the world to inherit it—that was when he told him of his marriage, you know—he put on his hat without one word, and walked away with his head as high as if he were the heir of thousands. We've never seen a sight of him or his since that day, and it's my belief we never shall."

"I should think he must hate Miss Malling."

"Very likely; I think I should look upon her as an usurper if I was him."

Babette believed she had found the keynote to Pauline's secret trouble. That there was a secret trouble she never doubted for one instant. She had observed her mistress too closely to be misled on that point; she knew that nothing but some fear could cause those sudden starts, followed by periods of anxious heavy-browed thought, to which she was subject; and, when Babette went up-stairs, she reasoned the matter out.

"I have heard that she never knew she was her uncle's heiress until after her father's death. What is more likely than that she should have married out there in Italy—married some poor idiot who was caught by her pretty face? And then, when my lady suddenly finds that she is a rich woman, she is tired of this poor fool and runs away and enjoys her life by herself. The change of name too would help her in hiding from him. I believe I have found the dark spot in my fine lady's life! If this is as I think, I can take from her her beloved *fiance* and her riches at one blow. How glorious that would be!"

Her face glowed with savage satisfaction at the bare thought of so complete a revenge. She left her seat by the window of Pauline's dressing-room, and paced up and down, her excitement being too great for her to remain still.

"If such a marriage did take place, she is too cunning to keep any proof of it about her. She was most likely married at Naples after her father's death. I wonder how much money it would take to search for the certificate? I would spend my last sou to find proof!"

Babette shook as if with an ague as fresh ideas crowded on her and plan after plan passed through her brain, each to be rejected as soon as formed. Her pace unconsciously quickened, as if in a vain attempt to keep up with her thoughts, until she was walking as if for a wager, and her hot hands passed over each other unceasingly.

The dusky gloom deepened until the room was all in shadow, and presently a housemaid came in and lighted the candles in the large silver branches on the toilet-table. She tried to entice the Frenchwoman into a chat, but it was of no avail; and the girl retired mumbling—

"Who is she to give herself such airs?—never to answer when she is spoken to indeed!"

As the door closed behind the disappointed gossip, Babette resumed her promenade up and down the now brilliantly-lighted room, reached the end where the table was, and came to a sudden stop as her eyes rested on the key left in the lock of a small bronze box.

This box contained Miss Malling's private keys? She looked up very little; but what she did look up she was rather particular about, and her keys were invariably kept in this Indian box, the key of which she carried about with her.

As Babette stood looking with a dull fascinated gaze at the key, she heard the rustle of silken skirts in the gallery outside. With a swoop like a hawk's, so swift and noiseless was it, she plucked the little key from the lock and slipped it into the pocket of her dainty frilled apron. The next instant Miss Malling turned the handle of the door, opened it, and saw Babette rearranging the lace draperies round the looking-glass.

She crossed the room and went straight to the table, glanced quickly at the box, and then turned to Babette.

"Have you seen the key of this box?"

"Not to-day, mademoiselle."

"Provoking!" She took it up in her hands and shook it. "Yes, the keys are inside. Babette, I wish you not to leave these rooms to-night until I come up to bed. I have dropped the key somewhere. I don't suppose it will be found until we have daylight to help us—it is so small. Have your supper sent up to you here."

"Very good, mademoiselle."

Miss Malling gave certain little touches to her dress and trinkets, arranged her front hair, took a clean handkerchief from the scented box on the table, saturated it with perfume, and then left the room, saying as she did so—

"Remember, you must not leave these rooms upon any pretext."

Babette stood with her hands held tightly over her heart, listening to the rustle of the silken skirts along the gallery and down the stairs, until the sound was lost in the distance. Then her expression changed from strained attention to vivid triumph. She threw her clasped hands high over her head, and whispered through her closed teeth—

"She has some proofs somewhere! She is not so wise as I thought her. She has kept something that will condemn her if it is found; and I will find it this night. I must be careful; I will not do anything until the men have gone to the drawing-room, and she will then be pretty safe with her dear Monsieur Dornton. Oh, but it is sweet, this revenge!"

She sat down by the window to live through the half hour of waiting, and never moved a muscle until the scent of a cigar rising from the terrace below roused her. She pulled the curtain aside an inch or two, and looked cautiously out.

Pauline and Jack found their self-restricted intercourse very tedious, and often wished the houseful of visitors at the uttermost ends of the earth. This evening, by previous arrangement, they were having a few minutes of stolen bliss.

The moon was at its full, and Pauline was asking Jack if he remembered that it was the last month's full moon which saw their first happy confidential chat; and she murmured softly of the rapid growth of love between them since that time.

"If anything were to happen now to part us, I should go mad or put an end to my life!"

The words were uttered with intense emphasis; and, while Jack soothed her with a sense of unrest in his own heart, the vindictive face peering through the lace-curtains above gleamed with a fierce hope of verifying the passionate words.

At last Babette heard the men's voices as they crossed the hall. She looked at the timepiece, and patiently watched the minute-hand travel slowly over ten minutes.

"They must be settled now, and I will begin my search."

She locked both doors, closed one window to prevent the blinds from fluttering, and then unlocked the small bronze box.

"It is an excellent casket for keys, so small and pretty that one could carry it anywhere, and so strong that nothing short of a stonebreaker's hammer could force it open. And yet, *ma foi*, of what use is all this strength and cunning when one has the key?"

She laughed as she picked out a key from the bunch and tried to unlock Pauline's large desk.

"At last!" she whispered, as the lock of the desk flew back.

She began methodically to remove every article singly, placing them neatly in a heap on the table, after reading or looking at them. She emptied one side of the desk, then refilled it, being very careful to put the things back in the order in which she found them.

Then she turned to the other side, going through it in the same way, and reached the bottom without discovering anything more than is usually to be found in a lady's desk. With a disappointed air, she began to replace the articles. Her nerves were in a highly-wrought state, and the sudden sound of the piano in the room below so startled her that Miss Malling's address-book fell from her shaking hand on to the floor.

She stooped to pick it up as it lay open; and, in doing so she saw the edge of a photograph peeping from the pocket in the cover. She took it out hurriedly, scattering as she did so some dead pressed violets on to the table. She shuddered when she raised the tissue paper, for it was the photograph of a grave!

She went to the dressing-table, where the candles were still burning, to read the name of the photographer at the back of the card. The printing was in a language she could not understand; but she guessed it must be Spanish from the word "senor."

She turned to the picture again, and in the strong light she could almost make out part of the inscription on the plain head-stone. The first name, she was sure began with the letter "P."

In order to assist her, she procured Miss Malling's magnifying-glass, and with the aid of that she spelled out the name, or as much of it as she could see, for the first few letters of the second name were obliterated by a blemish in the photograph.

"P-a-u-l-i-n-e" she could clearly trace; then came a blot, followed by "l-i-n-g, d-i-e-d M-a-y 18—."

The remainder of the inscription was undistinguishable.

"*Mon Dieu*, I never expected this! The grave of Pauline Malling! Then who is my mistress? An adventuress—an usurper! And I shall have a hand in dethroning her!"

She wiped the perspiration from her white quivering face, placed the photograph in her dress, and locked the desk.

CHAPTER VII.

JACK was by no means heartless, and his conscience pricked him more often than was pleasant with regard to Ethel Mallett. To be sure, she was the first to suggest that they should separate; but then it was most certainly his shameful neglect that had driven her to do it. He wondered a little if she had really ceased to care for him, if she had yet found a successor to him, or if pique alone had led her to offer him his freedom. She had sent him back the little ring he put on her finger when they were so happy together, and, with a strange inconsistency, he carried it about with him continually; he had become so used to having in in his vest pocket that he felt annoyed if he put his hand there and did not find it.

Just about this time Jack began to think that he ought to call in Buckingham Street, if only for Mr. Mallett's many past kindnesses, for the old gentleman had often been able and always willing to do Jack a good turn in past days. Once convinced that he ought to do a thing, Jack did it, unless Miss Malling used her influence against it, in which case duty was ruthlessly thrown to the wall, for her power over his head and heart was just now unlimited.

Jack was uncomfortably conscious of his own weakness in her hands, and he condescended to diplomatise a little in order to carry out his wish without any obstruction.

The morrow would be the first of September, and the house was full of people who had been invited to enjoy the abundant sport Mallingford offered. A number of amiable young men were lounging about the corridors and billiard-room all day, who talked of nothing but the probable weather on the morrow, the chances for and against good sport, and the respective merits of their own and other men's guns. Jack obtained a few words with Pauline before breakfast, and carried his point.

"I must have several things to-morrow," he said. "I know you would not wish me to be different from others, and I cannot get what I want without going to town myself."

Pauline would have dearly liked to go with him, for she had a horrible fear that he would find out something if he should call on the Malletts.

She was not supposed to know of the existence of such people—for Jack had never spoken of them to her—so she could not well ask him not to call on them; and she could not leave her guests without some very serious reason; consequently she was forced to feign a complacency she was far from feeling as she answered—

"Of course, if you must go, there is nothing more to be said; but you will not stay one half-hour longer than is absolutely necessary? If I don't know where you are, I have such a feeling of unrest and anxiety that life became a sorrow for the time being."

There was honest truth in these words, and Jack was flattered and grateful for her love. He kissed the beautiful lips, and promised to be back at the very earliest moment possible.

"I shall not feel so foolish when we are married, I dare say, because then you will be my own and no one can take you from me; but you would pity me if you could know how the fear of losing you overcomes me when you are away. I feel no safety, in your love until I see your dear truthful eyes looking into mine once more."

When Jack was in the train, with a quiet half-hour before him for thought, he felt curiously cloyed with the sweets of love, and was ungrateful enough to wish that Pauline would leave the love-making a little more in his hands, and that her affection was of a less assertive character.

Two or three hours later, when he had rushed through the business of the day and stood in the Malletts' sitting-room, shaking hands with both father and daughter and exchanging cordial greetings, he felt as if he had been living in a hothouse of affections for the past weeks, and had just regained the invigorating open air, where the hardier, healthier class of feelings flourish.

He wondered a little at Mr. Mallett's geniality, knowing nothing of Ethel's generosity in taking the entire responsibility of their separation upon herself, and still less of her father's hope that she had got rid of a nameless nobody just in time to leave the road clear for a suitor more worthy of her in every way; and Jack felt somewhat piqued that Mr. Mallett should make so light of the whole business.

But he did not let his annoyance appear upon the surface. He told of the success of the paintings for Lord Summers, of his hopes for the future, of the gay life at Mallingford, and impressed his hearers with the fact that he was brimming over with good fortune and happiness.

Ethel did not say much; but she appeared to be quietly, kindly interested; and though she was paler than she used to be, she did not give one the idea of a love-lorn damsel. She sat listening to the conversation, and wondering if her father would touch on the subject of their identity during Jack's visit; but Mr. Mallett did not wish to be made the topic of gossip among Miss Malling's guests, and therefore kept his own counsel.

When Jack was about to leave, Mr. Mallett decided to walk part of the way with him, and accordingly went downstairs first. Jack turned, with the door-handle in his hand, to thank Ethel for what she had done—yet hardly to thank her either.

"I can't go without thanking you for being so candid with me, Ethel," he said. "Of course I was very surprised when I received your letter breaking off the engagement; but equally of course there was nothing for me to do but to acquiesce in your wish."

Ethel felt how ungenerous this remark was, seeing that his neglect had led to what had happened; but she would not be driven into reproaching him, and so give him cause to justify himself. Her feelings were too real to bear discretion, and she avoided the discussion.

"That is all past," she said gravely—"better let it rest."

Though she did not say one word in self-defence, there was a world of reproach in the subdued tones of her voice; though her speech was indifferent, her whole manner asserted her right to be considered more than blameless throughout the affair.

Jack felt miserably small under her calm gaze, and his respect for her was vastly increased by this little passage at arms; and, as he was carried by the afternoon express back to Mallingford Park, he could not shake from his mind the fable of the dog and the shadow.

Pauline hovered round him more than usual that evening.

"How was it that you could not get back until the 4:50?" she asked, as they stood leaning over a pile of music searching for a song.

"I found my gun was out of repair, and I had to leave it with the gunsmith for a couple of hours."

"And how did you spend those two hours? You must have found it dreadfully wearisome with two hours on your hands and not a Christian left in town to go to see."

"There is always the club."

Pauline raised her eyes, sparkling with inquisitiveness, slowly to his.

"Surely you would find the club a very

dull place! And were you really driven to endure two hours at an empty club-house because you had nothing better to do? Poor old boy! I am sorry for you."

Jack thought he detected a touch of sarcasm in her tone, and, knowing that he was deceiving her, he could not check the tell-tale color that came into his face. But then he remembered she knew nothing about the Malletts, and he was surprised at her persistent curiosity.

She looked at him smilingly, and went on—

"I am not the only person who has missed you. Bertha Collins has been bemoaning your absence all the afternoon. She says you are the only man in the house who can devote a thought to us poor women during the delirium of the gun-fever. Now just look at those creatures on the rug. I'm convinced that you won't hear a dozen words spoken among them to-night without the introduction of the word 'gun,' 'dog,' 'cartridge,' or 'bird.'"

"Don't be too hard on them, Pauline," said the Honorable Miss Collins, as she joined them. "We are just as bad sometimes."

"I don't admit that, Bertha."

"Well, I know for a week before Ascot I can think and talk of nothing but what I am going to wear."

"You are the embodiment of candor, Miss Collins," Jack declared.

He felt grateful to the merry little brunette for her timely interruption of Pauline's cross-examination, and induced her to stay by pushing a chair forward and coaxing her into it. He did not care to resume his *tete-a-tete* just then.

Pauline took her part in the conversation; but she was burning with jealousy, for she had read the tell-tale flush, and knew that Jack had not told her the whole truth about his afternoon's doings.

"Yes, I think I am candid," Miss Collins responded. "But, between ourselves, I only make a virtue of necessity. You men know all our feelings so well that it is of no use to deny their existence; therefore I gain credit for the one virtue of truthfulness by just admitting an established fact when I confess to vanity, jealousy of my sex, and selfishness."

"Rather sweeping, is it not?"

"Perhaps; but I don't believe in doing things by halves; and I'm quite sure, you don't, Mr. Dornton."

"I feel highly honored."

"Why do you think that, Bertha?" asked Pauline.

Miss Collins actually blushed.

"Well, I've just made a declaration that truth is my only virtue, so I'll tell you, although I'm rather ashamed of myself. The other day I was dozing on one of the window-seats in the picture-gallery. When I woke up, Mr. Dornton was at work destroying paintings. He cut some oils into pieces with a knife, and the water-colors he tore into fragments. I was mean enough to keep quite still and watch him; and, when he had finished, I was still meaner, for I went and looked at some of the fragments, and I believe that they were all portraits of the same brown-haired lady. I drew my own conclusions—and I daresay you will draw yours, Mr. Dornton, and set me down as the most impudent girl you ever met; but you know the old saying about speaking the truth and——"

She pulled herself up, and Jack laughed heartily. Pauline glanced at him with unmixed approbation, and he felt that he should not be badgered again as to how he had passed his day in town.

Still, although there was peace between them, Pauline went to her room with a strange sense of defeat, for she knew Jack had evaded her question, and she could account for his doing it only by believing that he had called upon the Malletts.

"But," she argued, "Ethel has kept silence on the subject of that anonymous letter, or else Jack would most surely have guessed at the sender and in some way shown his displeasure."

Babette noticed the anxious expression on her mistress' face as she brushed her hair for the night, and she fondly believed that the key to it was securely sewn up in leather and tacked to her corset; but for once the keen French girl was wide of the mark.

It was not the past but the future that was troubling Pauline. She fancied that Jack's love had cooled somewhat since the first days of their courtship, and her heart went out in a wild prayer that nothing might come between her and the man she loved so entirely. She told herself that she would be willing to give up wealth, worldly position, everything, and count poverty a blessing, if only to retain his love.

Ethel too, in her solitude, had an unhappy time of it that night. She did not disguise the fact that Jack's visit had been a sad ordeal to her.

She had guessed how matters stood between him and Miss Malling from a few words which her brave faithful heart had been all too ready to interpret—and she tried to resign herself calmly to the fate which was overtaking her slowly, but none the less surely.

Captain Pelling was often in Buckingham Street now. He turned up unexpectedly at all hours of the day, and always came with some elaborately prepared excuse, and was so gentle and delicate in his manner that Ethel at times felt herself a perfect monster of ingratitude because she could not give him what she knew he had staked his all to possess, and what she knew was no longer within her power to give.

"If I had but known him before I met Jack!" she cried despairingly, as she laid her head on her pillow on the night after Jack's visit. "He is so good, so straightforward, so tender and manly, that I must have loved him if I had not already loved the other. And the dad—the dear, loving hard-working old dad—has set his heart on it too, I can see. It seems so hard that two good men should be disappointed of the one wish of their hearts because a foolish girl cannot forget her first love—a first love who has already forgotten her, and bound himself to another!"

That was the bitterest drop in her cup of sorrow.

"If Captain Pelling asks me to be his wife, I will tell him everything; and then he shall decide for himself. I don't think he will care to marry a woman who loves somebody else."

And with this comforting thought she cried herself to sleep.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE rain was coming down in torrents, and there was a general expression of disappointment on the men's faces round the breakfast-table at Mallingford Park.

"But you know it is really too bad," Cecil Banesford observed to Miss Malling, who had been trying to comfort him. "Your head man had fixed to-day for the northend covies, and he says they are the best on the whole estate; and now this rain comes and spoils the whole thing. I daresay it will rain to-morrow: and then I shall have to return without having had a pop at them. It is annoying, you must allow!"

"Poor creatures—men!" said Bertha Collins reflectively. "The comfort of their lives depends upon the one amusement of the hour. Deprive them of that, and they are stranded helplessly. Glad I am a woman!"

"So am I," replied Cecil promptly.

"Can't see why that should be so, unless you think I should take the shine out of some of you if I were a man."

"You are sharp!" he says, looking at her admiringly through his glass. "How do you do it? Doesn't it tire you awfully sometimes?"

"No; I'm too used to it," she slowly replied, with an excellent imitation of his drawl.

"Well, I hope you will have got over the first rush of slaughter by the seventeenth," Pauline interposed, bringing the conversation back to the original subject.

"Why by the seventeenth?" several asked.

"Because I shall then attain my long-deferred majority, and dear old Lord Summers insists that there shall be a big affair on the happy occasion."

"A ball? Delightful!" exclaimed the ladies.

"And I shan't be here!" muttered Cecil to Bertha.

"Perhaps we shall not mourn," returned that pert young lady.

A crushing retort was on his lip, when his attention was suddenly arrested by an advertisement in the *Times* which he held in his hand.

"By all that's mysterious!" he exclaimed; and then he sat gazing at the newspaper, in mute astonishment.

"What have you found, Banesford?"

"Don't keep it all to yourself, man!"

Bertha leaned across and looked at the place he was pointing at.

"How extraordinary!" she suddenly exclaimed.

"For pity's sake, let us into the mystery!" Pauline said; and Bertha read out following advertisement—

"Mallingford Park.—If this should meet the eye of Sir G. M., he will hear of something to his decided advantage by applying to Messrs. Daws and Raven, 16, Lennan Street, E. C."

There was general astonishment, and various were the surmises as to what it could mean. Jack, glancing at Pauline, was surprised to see her agitated and white to the lips. She motioned to him not to notice it, and fought determinedly with her emotion.

The others were too absorbed by their curiosity to take much heed, and by a strong effort she to all appearance regained her composure, and bore herself as usual until breakfast was finished.

"Will you help Mrs. Sefton and me to finish filling in the cards for the seventeenth?" she asked Jack, as she left the breakfast-room.

Jack promised to join them in the boudoir in a quarter of an hour, and went off to the conservatory to smoke. He did not like to think of Pauline's look. He was a poor struggling artist, who had hitherto lived by the exercise of his own unaided talent, and Pauline was a rich high-born woman, his superior in things that count in this world; yet he would not make her his wife if he did not believe her honor to be spotless and without flaw.

This was the idea that haunted him as he recalled her look at the breakfast-table. If ever a woman's face expressed suddenly-aroused guilty fear, his fiancee's had done so when Bertha Collins read that advertisement in the *Times*. He went back to the breakfast-room before he joined Pauline, read the advertisement again, and copied the address into his note-book.

"If I am in the neighborhood, with a few moments to spare, I may look them up and see what it means," he decided.

Then he followed the ladies to the boudoir.

Pauline, still looking unlike herself, was sitting with Mrs. Sefton. Jack said nothing then, but went straight to his work of filling in the invitations from the list of names given him; still he could not help wondering what could have caused such extraordinary emotion on the part of one who was generally so impassive, so languid and unemotional in her bearing. Mrs. Sefton left the room after a time; and Pauline, turning to Jack, put her hand entreatingly on his arm.

"I know what you are going to ask me; but I can't talk about it just now—not to-day. I will tell you to-morrow, or the day after; but don't speak of it now. I ask it as a favor."

Jack felt perplexed. He had expected, the moment they were alone together, that she would tell him what had caused her disquiet. He felt unhappy and worried, yet he could hardly force her to speak upon a subject that evidently distressed her.

"Of course I don't want to worry you, darling," he answered; "but I must confess I am curious, and I shall be glad when you can tell me all about it without distressing yourself."

"Thank you very much, dear. And now I want to ask you if there is any one you would like me to send a card to for this ball."

Jack flushed as he replied—

"Yes; there are two people I should like you to invite—Mr. Mallett and his daughter. They are everything desirable, or I should not suggest it; and the old gentleman was very kind to me in the days that are gone."

"Was the daughter kind too, Jack?"—playfully.

Again Jack flushed a little.

"I think you are a bit of a witch," he said with a laugh. "I may as well tell you, and then there will be no secret in my past for you to find out by-and-by. Yes, she was kind to me, and once I thought I liked her well enough to make her my wife; but that was before I met you—you siren!"

"You don't think so now?"

"If I did, should I be here?"

Pauline pushed her chair very close to his.

"If I had found that out for myself, instead of hearing it from you, I should have forgiven it. I could forgive you everything that is past, but nothing in the present. Can you say the same to me?"

"I think so;" and he kissed the face resting on his shoulder. "I could forgive everything in the past that did not touch my wife's honor."

"You are less generous than I am; you make a reservation."

Jack met the beautiful brown eyes fixed anxiously on his and smiled.

"You must know that there is an immeasurable difference between a woman's fair name and a man's."

She sighed gently, and Jack thought he liked that pathetic mood better than any other. Mrs. Sefton returning at that moment, Jack asked—

"Then I may send those cards?"

The question at once flashed through Pauline's mind, "Is there danger to me in their coming here?"—and she decided that their presence in one place or another could neither lessen nor increase her great danger.

She felt more sure of Jack since he had told her about Ethel, and she rather doubted whether her uncle would care to come to Mallingford Park under his incognito, as he would be certain to meet people who would recognize him; so she gave a hearty consent to invitations being sent.

The rain continued to pour down steadily and the scratch, scratch of the busy pens went on without interruption. Pauline finished her list first, and sat back in her chair, with a thoughtful chastened look on her face which was strangely unlike her usual imperious air.

Jack noted it, and thought her more beautiful, if that were possible, although he wondered what had brought about so great a change. He felt a forewarning that this was the little cloud in their sky that would darken the whole heavens.

"At last!" he exclaimed, as he threw down his pen.

"You have been a good boy," Pauline said, with a smile. "We could not have possibly finished them to-day without your help."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE NEWEST CHEAT.—The other day an itinerant musician, who carried under his arm a weather-stained violin, entered a provision shop in the Rue des Martyrs, Paris, and bought a pound or two of cooked ham. Suddenly discovering that he was moneyless, he left his violin with the shopman, and ran home to get the trifling sum of which he was in need. During his absence a carriage drew up to the door, and a distinguished looking stranger having alighted from it, entered the shop and ordered a large quantity of goods to be sent to "Lord Russell" at the Grand Hotel. While thus engaged he caught sight of the violin, picked it up with the air of a virtuoso, examined it very carefully, and finally offered to buy it for 1,000 francs. The shopman explained the instrument was not his, but promised to see what could be done. The stranger then withdrew, and the ragged musician, who soon afterward returned with his money, gladly accepted 800 francs for his violin. The jubilant shopman thereupon put on his best clothes, and, taking his purchase, went to the Grand Hotel. But, alas! no "Lord Russell" was known at that hostelry, and the unfortunate provision dealer slowly awoke to the fact that he had bought a worthless violin for $160.

EVEN detectives are sometimes the victims of thieves, as was the case in Trenton, N. J., a few days ago, when a visiting member of the fraternity had a portion of his wardrobe, containing fifty dollars and some private papers, stolen from his apartments in the hotel at which he was stopping.

Bric-a-Brac.

QUEER NAMES.—The names of animals are often given to the children of even the best families in Madagascar—names such as the Crocodile, the Rat, &c. This nomenclature, it is said was common in the period of the tribal development, groups of families bearing the name of the Turtle, the Bear, &c.

ANTIMONY.—Antimony, which is very hard is used as an alloy with tin and lead for various purposes where great hardness and durability are needed; thus type-metal, which makes the little letters which must be firm enough to bear the pressure of the heavy printing-press, and yet retain all their delicate lines sharp and clear, is composed of lead and antimony. This metal is also used in medicine, and its oxide in coloring glass.

THE COUNTRY'S MOTTO.—An intimate friend of the late President Garfield, relates that the latter once asked him if he knew where the motto "*E pluribus unum*" (Latin for 'One from many,') came from. The friend admitted that he did not. "Well," said Garfield, "it comes from a description in Horace of the preparation of a Roman salad;" and he turned to it. There, sure enough, was the list of ingredients and the remark that the result was "*E pluribus unum.*"

A BEGGARS' BALL.—A beggars' ball has carried off the palm for eccentricity among the various carnival festivities at Vienna. The guests were got up as thieves and rascals of the lowest type, pickpockets, coiners, defaulting cashiers, armed burglars, &c. One of the most amusing representations was a group of men quarrelling violently, their faces scratched and noses bleeding—a parody on the lively scenes that sometimes occur. Prizes were distributed for the best dressed and sustained characters.

THE RULE OF EASTER.—It is generally known that Easter is the first Sunday after the full moon that comes on or after the 21st of March, but some may not know why the 21st of March is taken as a gauge. It was decided by the first Council of Nice that the festival of Easter should be celebrated on the Sunday following the first moon of the vernal equinox. The last correction made in the calender by Gregory XIII. brought the vernal equinox March 21. Easter may consequently fall any day between March 22 and April 25.

A GOSSIP'S BRIDLE.—There is in the venerable church of Walton-on-Thames, in England, a "Gossip's Bridle"—a curious instrument presented by a person of the name of Chester. It was intended to be worn as a punishment by the fair sex whose tongues had engendered mischief. It bears this inscription, "Chester presents Walton with a bridle to curb women's tongues that talk too idle.—1613." The presentation is said to have been due to the circumstance of the person whose name it bears having lost a valuable estate through the instrumentality of a gossiping woman.

NO BREAD.—In some civilized nations a large proportion of the peasantry eat little or no bread. Baked loaves of bread are unknown in many parts of South Austria and throughout the agricultural districts of Roumania. In the villages not very many miles from Vienna, bread is never seen; the staple food of the people being "sterz" a kind of porridge made from ground beechnuts, which is eaten at breakfast with fresh or curdled milk; at dinner with broth or fried lard, and with milk again for supper. In the north of Italy the peasantry live chiefly on "polenta," a porridge made of boiled maize.

THE EARTH'S AGE.—The earth must become old. Newton surmised, although he could not give a reason for it, that the earth would at one time lose all its water and become dry. Since then it has been found that Newton was correct. As the earth keeps cooling, it will become porous, and cavities will be formed in the interior, which will take in the water. It is estimated that this process is now in progress, so far that the water diminishes at the rate of about the thickness of a sheet of writing paper each year. At this rate in six million years, the water will have sunk a mile, and in fifteen million years the water will have disappeared from the face of the globe. The nitrogen and oxygen in the atmosphere are also diminishing all the time. It is in an inappreciable degree, but the time will come when the air will be so thin that no creatures we know can breathe it and live; the time will come when the world cannot support life. That will be the period of old age, and then will come death.

A COSTLY PRESENT.—When a Burmese subject grows over-rich or too popular, his sovereign claps an extinguisher upon him in the form of a white elephant—a gift so sacred and weighty, that the expenses of keeping the big brute in proper style are pretty sure to crush the proprietor. Here comes the white elephant, stately, inexorable, enormous. He comes with his guards, his retinue, his hangers-on and led-captains, his she-goats, which give him milk, his grass-cutters, his fruit purveyors, his mahout, keepers, valets, priests even—all his household, who must eat of the sweet and drink of the strong hereafter, at the cost and charges of him to whom the King has given the white elephant. There are chiefs, too, who must be fed, and flattered, and sent back with presents. See how their gold umbrellas and bossy shields flash in the sun! How the trumpets bray, how the drums rattle as the elephant halts! And out runs the poor trembling hypocrite, with his hands outspread, salaaming, grateful, and grovels in the dust before the hateful four-footed visitor that is come literally, to eat him out of house and home.

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

BY SYDNEY GREY.

When over youth's receding track
  The moonlight of remembrance throws
A tender charm, half winning back
  The sunshine that too quickly goes,
How oft in retrospective cast,
  Untrammelled fancy floats between
The actual story of the past,
  And what that story might have been.
But simple words to breathe so much
  Of soft regret or sorrow keen,
In truth there are not many touch
  More hearts than these—it might have been!

Alone and loveless, year by year,
  Our lives are lived, our ways are planned;
Young love himself once hovered near,
  To wait awhile a beckoning hand.
When wistfully the urchin smiled,
  We passed him by with look serene,
Though now, I warrant, thought beguiled
  We sometimes say—it might have been!
Oh, simple words that breathe so much
  Of soft regret or sorrow keen,
Where is the heart ye cannot touch,
  Oft echoed sigh—It might have been?

We saw the victor's laurel wave,
  But never proud success have known;
Alack, her glowing meed she gave
  To other efforts than her own.
'Twas not for us to taste her bliss,
  Who only prove what failures mean;
Yet conscience whispers—but for this,
  Or but for that—it might have been!
Where is the heart they cannot touch
  With soft regret or sorrow keen?
To you, to me they breathe so much,
  Those simple words—It might have been!

Here was the glittering plaything prized,
  Whose worthlessness we saw too late;
And there the single chance despised,
  Which opened up a fairer fate.
Ah, well-a-day! we know not what
  Of danger lurked within the scene,
And haply it were wiser not
  To dream of all that might have been,
And yet our inmost hearts they touch
  With soft regret or sorrow keen,
Those simple words which mean so much,
  That frequent sigh—It might have been!

THE Mystery of Glenorris

BY MARY CECIL HAY,

AUTHORESS OF "NORA'S LOVE-TEST," "OLD MYDDLETON'S MONEY," "FOR HER DEAR SAKE," "DOROTHY'S VENTURE," ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.—[CONTINUED.]

"DOCTOR Calmady," said Joy presently, "may I ask you one question, though I hate to recall that morning? Was it possible—could it be possible that Miss Porch could have—have committed that act in her sleep?"

"Oh, you have found out she had somnambulistic tendencies, have you?" asked Doctor Calmady. "And that is your latest idea, Miss Glenorris. I will tell you, of course. It is quite impossible. I should have suggested that at once if there had been the faintest grounds to go upon, for I know she sometimes walked in her sleep. In fact, her sister told me that on the night of their father's funeral she rose and walked out two miles to the cemetery, and was awakened by the cold touch of the gate. Poor thing! No, no, it was not self-murder—as I have said—as we all know. That mystery, Miss Glenorris, is as far from solution as ever. Who was near besides that frail girl, who not only could not have done it physically, but was incapable mentally of such a crime, and morally would have given her life for her sister? There seems not even the slenderest thread of a clue for us to grasp."

"And one would do or spend anything for—a little light," said the girl, in low excited tones.

"You are doing so, they tell me."

"Yes; and it makes me so glad I am rich."

"You don't look too glad at this moment, Miss Glenorris," the Doctor observed; for, though his eyes were unlifted, he knew what a shadow there must be on her face, while he heard the unshed tears in her voice.

"I try to be glad."

"The truth is always to be dug out early or late," he said, with fictitious confidence, "and this time late perhaps; but it will come to the surface. Ah, you will have to break your incomprehensible resolution not to dance, Miss Glenorris! Here is Larry again—and Mr. Pardy in the background awaiting his chance."

The rest of that ball was like a dream—and a faintly-remembered weary dream—to Joy Glenorris.

She knew that Lawrence Nelson had renewed to her his eager boyish vow to love her only all his life, and that Norman Pardy had followed her persistently until she had accorded him a seat beside her, and that, though she had begged her cousins to be ready to leave early, the night seemed to her to drag through twenty hours at least.

But the last moment came, and Sir Hussay Vickery folded her snowy hooded wrap around her, with very mixed feelings—dejection at having failed in his chief object of winning her for his own that night, hope because no other man had been able to win from her even so little as he had.

Mrs. Fears-Kienon watched this process with a languid envy which made her smile a little superciliously.

"Mind your dress, dear," she observed, seating herself in the carriage opposite to Joy—where was more space than opposite to her mother—as usual never subsiding into a secondary position without a little vent for her spleen. "That satin over-train of yours requires a carriage to itself. You should have waited for your wedding-day before you bought such a dress as that; at least so I have heard it remarked to-night, dear."

"Then I should have waited forever," said Joy good-temperedly.

"I always pity poor Mrs. Nelson," remarked Mrs. Kienon, settling her train complacently in the roomy carriage. "when I see her packing herself among her daughters and son in that cramped little omnibus of theirs."

"Poor! Pity her!" echoed Joy wonderingly, as she pictured the gaiety and freedom of those drives of the mother and brother and sisters and lovers, and then her own.

Suppose she had a mother who would enjoy these things for the sake of her enjoyment, who would be pleased for her to be pleased, who would be even proud sometimes when she wore a pretty gown! Or suppose she had a brother who would enjoy with her, and so make her enjoyment double! Or——

"You do little to make our drive cheerful, dear," observed Mrs. Fears-Kienon, from her corner; for to-night there was a small uncomfortable excitement about her that disturbed her usual indolence. "Are you so infatuated with Sir Hussay that you have no spirit when you are away from him?"

"None," rejoined Joy tersely.

"Your thoughts were not with Sir Hussay were they, Joy?" put in Anne, with—for her—excessive boldness.

"No," she said, with a smile for Anne; "I was simply wishing I had a father or brother to go about with us. We are so many women, aren't we?"

"As the father and brother are impossible," said Mrs. Fears-Kienon—and at that moment the lamp showed a new stiffness in her face—"would it not be charming to have a gentleman-guest staying with us for a time? I daresay, if you invited him, my husband——"

"Kate!" cried Anne indignantly.

"But perhaps," suggested Kate, with sudden cruel coldness, "what Joy wants is a husband of her own."

"I told Anne of what I was thinking. What you suggest would be quite different," Joy said, with quiet dignity.

"Oh, very different!" Kate acquiesced, with her slow expressive shrug. "But would not let it suffice on an emergency?"

"I mean, of course," the girl coolly explained, "that it would be—beyond comparison — better than father or brother."

"My dear," cried Mrs. Fears-Kienon, obviously shocked, "is not that opinion rather startling from a young woman who has just declared she will never have a wedding-day?"

But Joy left that remark unnoticed, for she had fallen back into her own sad thoughts. She had felt so sure that she should speak to Gervys Lester to-night, and allay the great fear he had given her in the Torquay Station; that she could ask him whether she might in public correct her own statement; that she could beg him to tell her what would be best to do; above all, that she could assure him nothing which would be right would be difficult for her to do.

And now the night which was to have given her this good opportunity had passed, and she had said no word to him.

CHAPTER XXIII.

FOR quite an hour Joy Glenorris had sat on the stone stile which led from the old church to the cliffs, in thought and solitude so deep and so intense that, when an approaching step aroused her, she started up nervously, suddenly and painfully aware that she was crying, but still more painfully aware whose slow step had startled her.

"I am waiting while my cousin finishes her sketch in Red Cove—at least, she is finishing it, and I shall join her," Joy said, answering Gervys Lester's greeting with this hurried attempt to account for her presence there. "I was only pausing to notice how still the air is."

"Yes," he said, looking up into the sky as he leaned backwards on the old stone stile; "and I fear that blurred look means a coming storm."

"Surely not!" she protested, with a feeble confidence. "No one expects rain when the rooks fly in pairs; and look above you!"

"Perhaps those inseparable birds are indifferent to a damp nest," he suggested; but his eyes did not follow hers. "Well, I am quite willing to be led by the rook legend just now. Why did you come here, Miss Glenorris, if the old churchyard makes you sad?"

She never guessed that he was offering her an excuse for her tears; she only felt relieved that he had that thought.

"It is not the dead for whom our tears need be shed," he went on quietly.

"Perhaps they were not for the dead, those tears you—insist upon," she said, almost wistfully, as she walked away slowly among the graves.

"Then for whom?"

"For whom?" she echoed, looking into his face as he came up to her. "For whom? Oh"—with a quick change in the low passionate tone—"for those who have lost these dead, I suppose! Look at this"—laying her hand upon a new white stone where were recorded the name and praise of a young wife and mother, while a column of initials and small figures on the little foot-stone told a mournful legend of the five little ones who had soon followed her. "Is this not enough to have broken most any heart?"

"Scarcely," he said drily. "That husband and father had surely his fair share of happiness, and he will find them all again."

"But where—how?" asked the girl absently, her eyes raised from the stone to the far pasture-lands against the sky.

"You know," he answered quietly.

"What a strange clear light!" she said, with prompt irrelevance. "I can see the sheep graze on that distant upland meadow."

"Ominous," he said. "Are you ready to turn homewards? You are not prepared for a storm. You look"—he paused, then, seeing her lofty disregard of what he might be going to say, added, with a total change of tone, "as if you had dressed yourself completely, hat and laces and all, and then bathed in cream."

"What a limp appearance I must have! Where are you taking me?"

"To show you a baby's gravestone," he said, but the next moment paused and read deliberately through some words which she remembered on an old upright stone near the path to Merlawood—

> "So thus God wrought with me His plan,
> Yet still for my appointed span
> I feel I am the better man
> For having wed and wept for her."

"Where is what you want to show me?" she asked, looking at him with a curve of most unusual sarcasm.

The next moment her eyes had grown so dim with pettish tears that it seemed as if she could not read the words he pointed out; yet afterwards, when she recalled this day, even that quaint old epitaph came back to her—

> "when I came in this world I seen
> Just nothing with my stay
> I turned myself about and went
> to find a better way."

"Well," queried Lester, lightly breaking her silence, "shall we too turn ourselves about to find a better way? See how those ugly clouds are gathering into one."

She moved almost mechanically beside him, but with no thought or fear for a possible storm.

"It is very peaceful up here," she said, with a last look round the quiet little burial-ground.

"And why should we mind the mystery?" he asked. "A man's life before death, quite as much as afterwards, is 'Hidden in the knowledge of his Lord.' Come," he said, and hastened her out into the little path which cut through a great tract of coltsfoot leaves, and then was but a jagged footway among the rocks.

Every moment sea and sky grew darker, though from one little break in the threatening clouds a white shower of pale sun-rays fell into the slate-grey water.

"How silent the sea is!" said Joy, pausing. "When I left Anne, I was showing her the beauty of the white lace of foam against the shingle, then the green border, and then the purple folds behind. Now it is all a mournful gray, and the waves have no sound; but I like it."

"If so, why do you shiver?" asked Lester, taking her hand lightly in his, and hurrying down the path. "You agree with Byron, do you, that 'there's a rapture on the lonely shore?' I don't. Perhaps, when a man has had to walk pretty uninterruptedly along the banks of Acheron, he loses his keen appreciation of the rapture of loneliness."

"Are you so—— Is this time so dreadful to you?"

"Dreadful? Oh, no! One gets used to it—only I daresay it dulls the edge of a man's rapture."

At his words the sadness of a great doubt swept over her. Could not she have done something to make it easier to him to live under this horrible shadow which he could not fight? If she had been different, might the days not have been a little less weary?

"I will try; I will begin to-morrow," she whispered to herself, with new-born hope, unwitting that to-morrow never comes.

Suddenly the low muttering of distant thunder caught their ears.

"Come," said Lester, hastening her once more, and not giving her time to speak again until they had reached the cove and were at the water's very edge.

"Bowden was to be here!" she cried, looking in a frightened way along the deserted shore.

"Never mind," said Lester; "here is my boat, and I will take you round. Step in; we have no time to waste."

She could not resist his quietly authoritative tone, so gave him her hand, and seated herself as he directed her. Then, before taking his own place, he pulled off his coat and buttoned it round Joy's neck, ignoring all her attempts to prevent him, holding it while he spoke in the same composed authoritative way.

"I should not wear it in any case, for rowing is warm work. If you take it off when I loosen my hold—and you look capable of doing even that—I will toss it out of the boat—I swear! Now sit still and shelter yourself as much as possible. We shall soon be in port."

At that moment the gloomy blue-black clouds were rent as if to show the lurid fires behind. The angry thunder rolled along the sky above them, and seemed to roll also in the heavy sea below.

Lester bent to his sculls, and the boat shot out to round the headland, while Joy gazed with silent awe. Every few moments there seemed to fall a quick fierce cannonade of fire around them; thousands of fiery arrows cut the heavy blue-black sky and darted along the solemn sea, while the angry portentous rolling and rattling of the loud thunder echoed awfully among the rocks.

Lester pulled hard and silently, as if rowing a race with the coming rain; but, when he was beaten, and the great slow drops fell splashing into the boat, he—looking up anxiously from her light dress, which was being saturated so swiftly—saw the awed, rapt look on her face.

"Are you afraid?" he asked.

"No," she answered quietly, wondering how it could have been that she had always felt afraid in other storms. "Did you see how wonderfully the last flash lighted up the sails of that distant vessel?"

"I remember storms far worse last year," said Lester, simply to distract her thoughts as he pulled harder still. "My umbrella was perforated with holes as if I had fired small shot through it from the inside, and the metal melted, and the sulphurous smell was almost suffocating."

She answered with a smile, conscious of the effort he made to divert her thoughts; but it was real pain to her to see him working so hard, coatless and drenched by the torrents of rain and sleet.

At last, swiftly and skilfully, the boat was shot up the shingle, and Lester laid down his wet oars, wiped the rain from his hands and moustache, and sprang down to give his hand to Joy.

"I do not see Anne," she said, in a sort of shrinking way, as she looked from end to end of the cove.

"Nor do I. May I take you farther—home?"

"No, thank you."

A little gasp impeded the dignity of the tone, but it was unmistakably decisive.

"Why should I not?" he asked. "You would let any other man. Was it not fate that threw us together to-day for the last time?"

"There is no such thing as fate!" the girl declared.

"Oh, yes, there is! Our fate is certain and inexorable—the living spirit of our own dead words and deeds and thoughts."

"I wonder where my cousin is?" said Joy, struggling to be very calm as her eyes wandered over the rocks.

"Are you afraid of me," asked Lester, "that you are in such haste to-day? That march I spoke of alongside the river of sorrow is a tedious affair, Joy, and it cannot be expected that a man will spend all his life at it. Why, it is better here beside even such a sea as this—'seeming a pall' indeed to-day—because to-morrow this may dance and flash, and reflect the blessed sunlight. Anything rather than that cruel slow stagnation! Are you"—suddenly meeting her eyes—"afraid of me? I asked. If so, it must be that you think I committed that nameless crime—— No, no," he cried, hurriedly interrupting himself, as he read her face, "I see you do not! Why, if I had—if any madness had possessed me so that I did it—my first expiation would have been never to look upon your face again. No; I see it is not that you fear. Then it must be something my presence recalls to you from the old life."

"All could recall to me is too far away," she said, now suddenly still and very proud.

"Never far away from me," he rejoined very quietly—"always here within my heart."

"I think it far away—I have forgotten," she said, rising with a sudden restlessness to still the wild throbbing of her pulses which she could not very well understand.

"That is well," he answered slowly, looking straight into her eyes as she stood. "I shall forget too—some day. You are very kind in helping me to do so. There is no sign of Miss Kienon. Had you not better stay, unless you will let me accompany you?"

"I would a great deal rather go all alone."

"Then go!" he said sternly, in his strong self-restraint. "You choose your own path and your own companions. I will not force myself upon you."

"No," she said, trembling as she stood, "that is easy to you while you dislike me so."

"Dislike you? What would I not give if I could? Ah, see, your cousin has sent you an escort! You will be all right now, for there is Pardy hastening down with wraps to rescue you. Now I can do as you have bidden me—leave you. No, don't say good-bye to me. There are times when it is better for me only to remember that you bade me leave you. The veriest pin-prick hurts sometimes."

He was close beside her, and, as he spoke he put both his arms around her, and lifted her very slowly to the ground, pausing for a few seconds before he let his arms drop.

Stepping uncertainly, she moved backwards, not uttering a word, and he saw in her eyes a wonderful fear which he had never seen before, and might never see again—he, of all men!

It was two or three long minutes before Mr. Pardy reached her, yet the girl stood pale and trembling still from the touch of those strong encircling arms, and he ——

But even she, who had been held against it, did not know how heavily his heart was beating.

Mr. Pardy noticed, with a little smiling

wonder, how gently Miss Glenorris unfastened the wet coat from about her neck, refusing his aid, while Lester never offered his, and how he received it from her in a silent ill-humor which Mr. Pardy kindly overlooked.

He was also generously pleased to ignore any possible reason, save one satisfactory one, for the pallor which was so unusual to the bronzed face.

When at length Joy turned to walk homewards with his escort, there were such an irritating slowness in her gait and such an unmistakable unwillingness to talk to him that no wonder Mr. Pardy, who hated rain, found his expedition far from delightful.

His tender solicitude won but the coldest thanks, so he made a virtue of necessity, and, with the air of a man who nobly makes concession to a child's whims and caprices, he told her he thought perhaps he might take better care of her if she did not talk.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ANNE KIENON, in real and anxious concern, was awaiting her cousin in the hall at Meriswood, and ran with her up to her room, where Rachel had a very large fire and everything awaiting her mistress.

"I am all right, Anne," the girl said; "but I will have a warm bath and be as fresh as a daisy by dinner-time."

And indeed she looked so when she rejoined Miss Kienon, who seemed strangely ill at ease, hovering as near to her as possible all the evening, and lingering in her room at last until the girls were startled by the great stable-clock striking twelve.

"Midnight!" cried Anne. "What a shame of me to have been keeping you up, Joy, merely to unburden my stupid mind about Kate's having met her husband in the Torquay train to-day, and to infect you with my ridiculous uneasiness about it!"

"Oh, you have said a hundred other and better things to me than that!" declared the younger girl, with a caressing touch upon the smooth sallow cheek. "Don't be anxious about—about anything. Why, if we chose, Anne, we might be always anxious! What—what is that?"

"Why?" asked Anne, looking round the brightly-lighted room with an inquisitiveness feigned most patently.

"Listen! It is a child—crying."

"It is the wind," asserted Miss Kienon, without any hesitation now that she was sure what sound her cousin meant. "It is the wind," she reiterated stoutly.

"You said that before," breathed Joy, pushing the hair from her raised face, her eyes wide and dismayed. "It is a child's voice, and in sorrow. Oh, Anne, what does it mean?"

"My dear," said the elder girl, throwing her arms around her companion, "it is the wind in those shaky old casements of the tapestry-room; it often makes that sound when it is—is in a certain quarter. Oh, I know it does, dear—it does indeed! I have noticed it."

"No," said Joy very gravely, with still the listening look in her beautiful wide eyes, "it is not that. Will you come with me?"

"Of course! Why not?" interrogated Anne, with fictitious readiness.

But, all the same, she was determined that Joy should not go to the tapestry-room that night; and, sparing no pains, she won her way too.

Then, when she had succeeded in delaying the investigation till morning, she pleaded to stay with Joy that night, thus allowing the girl no solitude for thought.

Next morning, after breakfast, Anne was summoned to a conference with her mother from which she emerged, an hour afterwards, with no tears, but a very dim and heavy look in her small expressive eyes and with the old obstinate tightness in her lips.

She went at once to the tapestry-room, feeling sure she should find her cousin there; but, as she crossed the hall, she saw Joy descending the grand old staircase very slowly, with her face full of thought and one white hand upon the black carved balustrade.

"Stop!" cried Anne. "I wonder whether you have any idea——"

She was going to say, "what a beautiful picture you make?" but something in the gravity of the girl's face broke off the words, and she stopped as suddenly as if she had known how long and sadly this picture was to haunt her, how often she was to recall it, as we yearningly recall what has gone from us forever!

In a moment Joy's gravity changed to a smile of greeting for Anne.

"I found only the twelve Apostles standing round the tapestry-room, blandly regarding me and questioning my sanity, and even when I put all the windows open, only a gentle breeze expanded their broad sheets. The old toys hung as silent as the grave. No, Anne, I could find no sound the wind made there."

"Of course not to-day!" cried Anne, delighted to be able to laugh as she stood by Joy. "We must try it some morning when the north wind tears up from the foaming sea."

"Does the north wind tear up from the sea?" asked the girl dreamily, as she leaned backwards against the old oak balusters, gazing opposite on another young Glenorris face, beautiful as the brush of Greuze could make it. "I wonder," she said, "what such a face and form would look when age had fallen upon it. Anne, tell me about that young Mistress Joan who was a Court beauty in far-back days, was she not? All the young Court-gallants of course contended for her favor."

"They say so," narrated Miss Kienon, in her clear practical way, "and that, when she was jested once about the two young Glenorrises who were rivals for her love, and so decidedly the two handsomest men in all the royal service that no other men felt to have a chance against them, this debonair young dame asked laughingly, Who pray, would look at them when their father was present? In jest the father was told of this. First he laughed, then he looked for the first time critically upon young Mistress Joan, then he boldly asked her to be his wife. She agreed so readily that he began to fear it was all a jest, until its truth was forcibly brought home to him by the departure of his fine young giant ones, who never entered Meriswood through the life of their young step-mother, but came to console their courtly father—no very easy task, they say, when, after some four short happy years, the sweet young wife died."

"And so," Joy murmured, "she never lived to show how such a soft and round radiant face can look when old age touches it."

"Why should you want to know?" inquired Anne, in her sensible prosaic way. "She was beautiful young; what should prevent her being beautiful old?"

"Nothing," Joy answered thoughtfully, "as she could keep the love she had won."

"That," said Anne, nodding head towards a smaller portrait, "is one of the two fine young giant sons."

"All the male Glenorrises seem to have been about six feet and a half high," said Joy, still looking up, as she leaned with her hands behind her against the wide carved rail.

"He was six feet four," laughed Anne. "That was not an unusual height among them—so I have heard."

"I don't see why it should be considered such a very fine thing for Meriswood that its masters should be so ridiculously tall."

"Nor," laughed Anne, "that its mistresses should be so ridiculously pretty! That"—hastily correcting herself, and looking from the wistful face beside her back to the portrait in hunting-dress—"is supposed to be rather a fine specimen of the Glenorrises. Mr. Johnson loves to tell how he once had to attend a court ninety-seven miles distant, and, as he would not forego his day's hunting, he rode the ninety-seven miles in the night, galloping the whole way, apparently knowing no fatigue himself, though he wore out eight fresh horses. Would not any ordinary man have forfeited a day's hunting to take the journey comfortably?"

"What a splendid legend to hand down!" said Joy; and Anne noticed, though she could not understand, a little twitching in the sensitive and proud young lips. "Suppose he had had no opportunity for such a glorious deed, but had only had to live through——"

"Anne, mamma wants you. Joy, can you spare my sister just for once? Mamma loudly believes she has the prior claim upon Anne's attention, else I really could not have the heart to disturb so pretty a scene, dear."

"If I did not choose to move and Anne did not choose to go, you could not disturb it," observed Joy, slowly raising her eyes—so utterly changed in their expression now—to meet Mrs. Fears-Kienon's most serenely artificial smile. "And, Kate, I want five minutes' conversation with you presently."

CHAPTER XXV.

Partly in her restless though unacknowledged desire to postpone her interview with Mrs. Fears-Kienon, and partly in her ardent longing to meet by chance with Gervys Lester, and say to him something she had left unsaid the day before, Joy Glenorris went out at once after Anne had been summoned away from her. She walked through the park westwards, on and on towards the Farm, yet with no intention of reaching it. Indeed she scarcely knew how far she walked, while hope was strong within her, and while she was haunted by the look she had seen on Gervys Lester's face, before he had turned away from her on Norman Pardy's approach—weary, despairing, angry, which was it?

If any one had told Joy this memory was making her hate Norman Pardy's name, she would have been shocked and self-reproached; but it was so nevertheless, and she knew it afterwards, when from this day the sight of him became an irritation and a pain.

Every step that took her on this quest for Gervys Lester, and brought her no sign of him, strengthened her longing to see him. Just as—remembering how often before this day she had meant to say something to him and had not said it—each step strengthened also her resolution not to let anything this day prevent her. On and on she went, her beautiful eyes sorrowful and far off in their gaze as she pictured his present life, darkened and weighed down by the oppressive shadow which he could not grasp, while he yet walked fearlessly beneath it.

Only real physical weakness made her pause at last, unwilling still to turn—for what joy was there for her in the thought of home? If the Nelsons had been at the Knoll, she would instinctively have gone thither and won brighter and more healthy thoughts; and for a minute she regretted she had not fallen in with their eager proposition that she should go abroad with them. But suddenly a nervous flush dyed her cheeks, for she recollected the hope that had kept her here, and would have kept her even if she could have foreshadowed this isolated feeling. And yesterday had given her such golden opportunities! If only that one hour of yesterday might be given her again! Only that one hour! What would the storm matter if only she might have that one hour with him, to speak more kindly, and to lighten for him one at least of those dread days he had to face! If only that one, out of a hundred wasted hours, could be given back to her!

"But 'if' is such a mountain!" she said, with a smile more sad than tears, and then turned homewards, so determined on checking further thought that she sang softly as she went the fragments that came most easily to her lips.

"Thy living voice to me was as the voice of the dead"

She threw back her head in hot quick anger with herself when those words came.

"It is imbecile," she said, "for me to sing the tenor part."

Dropping now her idle lingering pace, in her resolute battling with thought and memory, she went on swiftly and straight, noticing only her landmarks, and honestly wroth with herself when she found how far she had wandered.

Just as she reached the outskirts of her own park, Mr. Pardy came down the cliff-path from the direction of the Moat, and overtook her, inquiring, with gentle yet fervent solicitude, whether she had caught cold on the previous day.

"I have the satisfaction of feeling sure," he observed, with a rather too marked composure on his cold refined face, "that, though on the same path as myself, Miss Glenorris, you have not made a fatiguing and vain journey to the Glen Farm."

"No," she answered, and, to his surprise, spoke indifferently, for he had expected her haughtily to deny such an imputation as a visit to Mr. Lester.

"I am glad, of course, Miss Glenorris, for you to have been spared as bootless a toil as I have had. I went over to see that Lester was all right after his saturation yesterday, and found him absent."

"Yes?" queried Joy, with perfect composure, because Norman's tone was oddly significant.

"You knew then?" he said, with a glance which, if she had met it would have killed at once that smile she had feigned when Mr. Pardy had told her Gervys Lester was absent. "Now, to me the tidings were unexpected; yet I wonder how I could have been such a fool as to be unprepared."

"Why?"

"Because I might have anticipated it through my own sensations. Were I watched by the police——Oh, I fear I have shocked you! Did you not know? I thought every one knew. I am grieved to have made you pale. It will be all right, rest assured. The detective must do his duty, I suppose. But surely Mr. Lester's wits are as keen as his! Still, as I say, if I were undergoing the constant concentrated supervision of a policeman, I am sure I should take the very first opportunity of disappearing. I should—what shall I say?—deem it safest to keep least in sight,' as Lester himself deemed it at the time of the murder—inquest, let me say, for I do so abominate ugly words."

"Mr. Lester returned fearlessly, and has lived among us openly ever since, said Joy, a feverish spot burning in either cheek. "He courts all inquiry, as you know. Would he be so mad, if he had any reason to keep—as you infer—out of sight?"

"'Least in sight,' was my quotation, Miss Glenorris," corrected Norman, with an indulgent smile. "And, as for his reason, I wish with all my soul I could think as you do, for nothing is so abhorrent as for one's inclination and one's intellect to pull separate ways. I've often wished lately I could be deaf and densely stupid."

"And can you not?"

Mr. Pardy glanced round into the girl's face; but she was looking away from him, and he could read nothing in her eyes.

"I try," he said, "and will try, if only out of my deep regard for one who is so tender hearted that it is manifest pain to her to realise the physical danger of even a man whom she dislikes. You will believe I have been deaf and dense and stupid, Miss Glenorris, when I tell you that I know exactly at what hour Mr. Lester left you in your conservatory during the dance at the Knoll. I knew it at first," he added gently, for this trifling item of time was not a lie to ruffle even his polished conscience. "I knew that it was at ten o'clock—before you kindly set the jury right. After that, of course, I doubted my own senses, and was silent. I did certainly feel it just possible you had made a mistake of an hour at the inquest; but in that case I considered it kinder to leave it unamended. No, no; pray do not thank me," he pleaded wilfully misinterpreting her glance, and turning away pointedly from her, as if out of consideration for her feelings. "I would pray you always to take for granted my coalition with you in your belief in Mr. Lester's innocence. I must confess that at the very first I feared lest you should be the one to question it, because you had so real an aversion to him; but, when I found you were, like myself, sceptical as to the possibility of a gentleman who had been willingly received among gentlemen disgracing the friendship genially accorded him, I was positively grateful for this further bond between us. I even noticed with pleasure that neither you nor I ever questioned what others called that shallow pretence, of his having never seen a newspaper during that long absence."

"All men do not live merely to absorb the daily papers" observed Miss Glenorris icily.

"So I insist, so I insist, Miss Glenorris, in the teeth of the argument that in this age no man lives entirely without contemporary news."

"There are fortunately men behind the age" the girl averred steadily.

"Yes, and perhaps before it too," smiled her companion. "Let us be grateful for that thought, for we need an onward step. There is another matter for which we may be grateful too, Miss Glenorris—that is that the proof of Lester's crime—I wish the English tongue were wider and kinder, and that I need not use words which in themselves distress you—is in my hands, instead of the hands of one who might be hostile. Miss Beton fortunately gave to me the letter her late maid enclosed to her, written by Mr. Lester to Mortimor, offering to pay his passage over to America. By my persuasion Miss Beton handed it to me without letting lawyers or detectives know of it. I feared to leave it in her impulsive hands."

"What matter?" asked Miss Glenorris, in quick proud tones. "It was whispered in every direction—clearly and wickedly and persistently—that a gentleman who wished Mortimor out of the way had gone to the expense of despatching him and his wife out of England, and that the only gentleman who could wish the man out of the way was Mr. Lester. What more was needed?"

"This letter," returned Norman weightily; "but fortunately, Miss Glenorris, I know its deadly power, and so I keep it. Will you see it, as perhaps you will find it is not in Mr. Lester's own handwriting? That will be a relief to me and to you, for it would be a very deadly weapon turned against him."

"In novels," said Joy, for a moment raising her hand to her head, yet speaking with a bravery that touched even him whose shrewd nature had never been quite misled by the girl's defiance of Gervys Lester's friendship, "girls never detect the forgeries of letters which are of vital importance to them; but I'm not like a girl in a novel, and I should recognise Mr. Lester's handwriting anywhere."

"Could no one deceive you, imitating it, do you think?', inquired Norman, as he opened his pocket-book, speaking in such a hesitating way that the girl, fancying him uneasy, answered with the greater confidence,—

"No, no one."

"You know Mr. Lester's writing so very well, having seen it so often?"

"I know Mr. Lester's writing so very well having seen it twice, I think."

"Then here it is," said Norman gaily. "Will you look?"

She bent and studied, rather than read, the letter he held, taking so long a time to do it that he presently recalled her with a smile to the question in hand.—

"I hope you find it a forgery, as you said?"

"No," she answered, without lifting her pale face. "It is no imitation. This is Mr. Lester's own writing, and when the man who is here called Mortimor is found——"

"Yes?" interrogated Mr. Pardy, wondering at the pained catching in her breath, not understanding what she had been on the brink of saying when she pulled herself up, instinctively withholding from him the information that she had seen Mortimor in England.

"I fear," he resumed gently, in that silence of hers which he could not interpret, "that convinces you of his guilt."

"A thousand such letters could not do so!" she answered, raising her face now with a stormy flush in her lovely eyes. "Mortimor himself shall be made to explain this letter, as he is"—again she broke off and changed the words she had been going to say—"will be found some day. The truth will set all right, and he must tell it. I have resolved he shall be traced, and I have surely wealth enough to carry out that resolve."

Looking on the young and tender lips that framed this strong determination, it was no wonder Norman Pardy felt so lenient.

"A generous way to waste your wealth, Miss Glenorris," he owned, smiling.

"I don't call it waste," she answered quietly. "I call it the best way of spending what I possess."

"May I help you?" he asked, with a promptness which almost alarmed her, though instantly she was ashamed of such a silly feeling. "I would swear to you not to rest till I brought Mortimor back, if only I could feel confident it was a wise step. You see, Miss Glenorris," he urged eagerly, "his return may sentence Lester to death."

"His remaining away still more sentences him. It is only the truth that will release him from this—doom."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TAKEN FROM LIFE.—Did you ever hear two married women take leave of each other at the gate on a mild evening? This is how they do it: "Good-bye! Good-bye! Come down and see us soon." "I will. Good-bye! Good-bye! Don't forget to come soon." "No, I won't. Don't you forget to come up." "I won't. Be sure and bring Sarah Jane with you next time." "I will. I'd have brought her up this time, but she wasn't well. She wanted to come awfully." "Did she, now? That was too bad! Be sure and bring her next time." "I will; and you be sure and bring baby." "I will. I forgot to tell you that he's cut another tooth." "You don't say so! How many has he now?" Five. It makes him awfully cross." "I daresay it does this hot weather." "Well, good-bye! Don't forget to come down." "No, I won't. Don't you forget to come up. Good-bye!" And they separate.

WHAT sunshine is to the flowers, amiability is to the family.

THE LIGHT OF LIFE.

BY WILLIAM MACKINTOSH.

Until the sunshine bathes the drowsy earth
  No field nor forest dons its mantle gay—
His quickening beams gives bud and leaf their birth,
  That heretofore in death-like slumbers lay.

Thus oft the soul may still and dormant lie,
  And give no sign of fruitfulness or grace,
Until the Sun of Righteousness apply
  His healing beams and make the heart a vase—

Where love and virtue in rare splendor glow
  With temp'rance, pity, in bright glories spread,
While pure benevolence may richly grow,
  In fertile soil that heretofore seemed dead.

DOUBLE CUNNING.

BY GEO. MANVILLE FENN.

CHAPTER XLV—(CONTINUED.)

BUT, Jane, I'll give you so much money that you shall never want a place again."

"Don't talk stuff, Mr. Rarthur! You ain't got no money to give."

"But I have, I tell you!"

"Now you're getting bad again, just as Mr. Frank said; and all your head's running on money and the lady you was in love with."

"Don't talk like that, girl. I tell you I have money!"

"Now you're getting cross," said Jane, rattling her broom in the corner; "but I ain't afraid of you now, because you're strapped down so tight!"

"Look here, Jane," said Range, after a pause, "you're a good, faithful girl, and I like you."

"Go along, and don't talk such stuff! The idea!"

Jane gave the skirting-board a tremendous bang with the head of the broom.

"I want you to give me a lead pencil and a bit of paper."

"No! no! I can't. Mr. Frank Range made me promise I never would, and I promised him I wouldn't—and I won't!"

"A pen and ink then."

"No, nor pen an' ink neither. He said I wasn't, nor yet even a bit o' chalk or charcoal. There!"

Here Jane paused to readjust the bib of her apron, which had come undone, and which she secured with a pin.

"You'll give me a pin, won't you, Jane?" said Range, as an idea slowly crossed his mind.

Jane stared at him steadily for a few moments.

"He said knives and forks, and pocket-knives, and skewers, and string and cotton, and clothes-line, and tape, and lots more things, I wasn't to give you, and I dursen't; but he never said a word about pins."

"Then you will surely give me a pin, Jane?"

"Well, I don't know," said the girl, very thoughtfully. "I would like much to give you anything you arst for, but he said you was so very artful you'd be doing yourself a mischief. And you are very artful, you know."

"Am I, Jane?"

"Oh, yes! ain't you just! If you wasn't you wouldn't got tapping the wall, and talking to me, and pretendin' you was so rich, when you ain't got a brass farden to call your own."

"Ah, well! I suppose I am very artful, Jane; but it's very hard to be kept shut up here."

"Yes," said the girl, giving her large soft nose a wipe all along her rough, bare, red arm; "I lay abed and cried about you for hours the night I was bad with the toothache."

"You did?"

"'Course I did. It seems so shocking for such a nice young gentleman as you are to go like you have."

"Then, if you feel for me so much, you might help me."

"Help you? Oh, I dursen't! Why, there's Mrs. John looks me through and through with those big eyes of hers. I say, she'd find me out if Mr. Frank didn't. She is a one!"

"Nonsense! they wouldn't find you out. There, Jane, listen to me. If you'll write and post a letter to the gentleman I tell you, I will make you a rich woman for life."

"There you go: off your head again with your stuff about money. Oh! I oughtn't to talk to you a bit. It only makes you wuss, and Mr. Frank and Doctor Parkins said I wasn't to, only you get coaxing me. There! I won't say another word."

Jane began sweeping furiously, and singing away about the young man who sought to persuade a maiden to forsake the jacket blue.

Range tried her over and over again, but it was of no use: she turned a deaf ear to all his words, and sought, apparently, to make as much dust as she could, in the midst of which Sheldrake came in suddenly without his approach being heard.

All seemed so satisfactory that he beat a retreat again, and Range lay biting his lip, feeling that once more the girl would finish her task as she often had before, and, faithful to her trust, and imbued with an unalterable belief in his madness, she would go without his having gained the slightest aid towards his projects.

It was the more galling, for the girl had seemed so simple, and the task had appeared, at the first blush, so easy of attainment, whereas every time he attacked her she seemed to have grown more fierce.

In another five minutes she would be gone, for she was at last dusting the place, when he said, in injured tones—

"Well, Jane! I didn't think you would have refused me such a simple thing as a pin."

"Oh, I say, don't!" cried the girl, with quite a sob; "don't talk like that, there's a dear. You'd be opening your veins with it, and bleeding of yourself to death, same as you did before, Mr. Frank told me, and I should feel as if you'd haunt me as long as I lived."

"Now what nonsense, Jane!" cried Range, as he lay and watched, as mesh after mesh of the net Sheldrake had spun for him was laid bare. "There, it's of no use for me to tell you I never did such a thing in my life."

"Not a bit," said Jane, stoutly. "It ain't that you're such an awful storyteller, but because you do these things and don't know afterwards. Doctor Parkins said so."

"But I couldn't open a vein even with a pin."

"Couldn't you really, though?"

"Why, of course not?"

"But you really won't try?"

"On my word I will not, Jane, there!"

"Well," said the girl, slowly and hesitatingly, "he never said a word about a pin, and I will give you that. There," she continued, after a good deal of search, "I won't give you a big one. There's the littlest I've got. I'll stick it in the paper here over the chimney-piece. There!"

"Thank you. You're a good girl, Jane, and I'll never forget it."

"Ah! I'd do lots more for you than that if I durst," said Jane, going to the window to shake her duster, and set the dogs baying. "Ugh! you beasts!" she ejaculated. "It's my belief, if they got anybody down they'd eat him, that they would! I do 'ate them dorgs. Do you know why they keeps 'em?" she said, in a very low tone, full of mystery.

"To keep me from getting away, I suppose."

"Yes; that's it—the 'orrid things. Ah! they would bite. None of the tradespeople won't come up to the house now, and I always has to go down to the gate to take things in, even the letters!"

"Then you won't give the postman a letter for me, Jane?"

"No," said the girl, shaking her head, and dusting vigorously, the motion of her head loosening her beautiful hair, which she began to secure once more.

"I say, Jane," said Range, quickly, "give me a lock of your hair."

"G' 'long," said the girl, laughing in a silly fashion, and giving her shoulders a twitch as she turned away.

"Yes, do, a beautiful long tress—as long as you could cut it."

"Shan't! Now you're making game of me."

"I'm not. I should like a long piece of that lovely back hair."

"'Tain't lovely! Don't talk such nonsense! Oh, Mr. Range, I'm ashamed of you—that I am!"

"You'll give me a bit?"

"I won't. Oh! the idea!" cried Jane, tittering, and turning away her face, ending by catching up broom and brushes and hurrying out of the room.

A few minutes later Sheldrake and Pannell came up, and Range was set free to wander about the room, watch the growth of tree and flower, and the ripening of the fruit from the window, and envy the busy brickmakers toiling amongst the clay.

He was in good spirits, though, for he had made a step towards freedom—only one step, and a very small one—so small that it was a pin-point.

But with that pin-point he could prick letters on a scrap of paper, or scratch them on a piece of wood, and perhaps get them into some trusty hand.

He had no paper, no wood, and no means of getting them into very trusty hands; but he had the pin, and that was a beginning.

CHAPTER XLVI.

A DANGEROUS WITNESS.

"MY dear boy, it was an accident," said Sir Harry—"a sad accident; but now that we are beginning to have a little hope, I don't see the necessity for you to give up your shooting."

"I feel as if I could never take a gun in hand again," said Carleigh. "Poor fellow! I'm afraid he will never forgive me."

"Nonsense! George; you take it too much to heart. There, get your gun and have a look round. Pick up a few brace. You easily can without the dogs."

Carleigh hesitated, and at last Sir Harry suggested that his brother should accompany him.

"I'll ask him," he said; and he walked into the library, where Judith was reading to Sir Robert.

"What? Go out with George Carleigh? Shooting? No. I'll be—— Don't do that, Judy!" cried Sir Robert, pettishly. "Haven't I told you that I won't have your hand clapped on my mouth when I'm speaking?"

"I never do so, Uncle Rob, only when you talk like that."

"Talk like that! Surely a soldier can give a shot or two when he likes? You should stopper your Uncle Harry when he's hot," chuckled Sir Robert.

"Uncle Harry never makes use of bad language," said Judy, I know."

"Then I'm sure you ought to follow his example, uncle," said Judith, sharply.

"You'll go with the boy, won't you, Bob?" said Sir Harry, laughing.

"No, I won't. Do you want to get me shot? Go on reading, Judy, and then we'll have a walk. I shan't shoot any more this season."

"You must go alone, George," said Sir Harry, returning to the billiard-room; and, after a little more persuading, Carleigh started very slowly and with apparent reluctance, but with a strange eagerness in his heart.

He went off across the fields, but as soon as he was out of sight of the house he made a circuit and got round to the outside of the wood, where, by following a track, he could get down into the Wilderness.

He walked quickly, and as soon as he was in the wood he unlocked the breech of his gun and thrust in a couple of big cartridges.

This done, he walked on cautiously, as if he were stalking some shy bird that came down to the little stream to drink; and as he walked his eyes wandered here and there, but there was not a soul in sight, and when he had reached the spot he had been making for all was so still in the hot September sun that it seemed as if he had had his journey for nothing.

Carleigh's brow was knit and his eyes full of eagerness as he took the last few steps, and then, going down on hands and knees, he began to crawl up a bank diagonally where the stream made a sudden turn, so that, when he reached the top and peered from amongst the high, ruddy bracken, he would be able to command the mass of rock and earth that had blocked the stream on the night he had loosened the roots and widened the crevice.

"At last!" he muttered, as he softly raised his head and peered down, while he gently lifted his gun, but lowered it again, and took a long look round.

There was no one in sight, and poor Bess was too deeply intent tearing away at the hole she was making beneath the rock, having been unchained only about half an hour before, when, after going to her master to have her head patted, she had been sent out of the room, and had come straight down into the Wilderness to renew her search.

Her head was right in under the rock now and the sun shining full upon her glossy back as the gun was once more raised, the ends of the glistening barrels trembling for a moment where they were thrust out among the bracken.

For a moment or two they were motionless, and then there were a couple of brilliant flashes, two puffs of white smoke rising in the air, and the reports ran echoing along the gully, one so closely following the other that they seemed almost simultaneous.

Then all was still, and the dank, salt odor of gunpowder floated slowly through the gully and died away.

For quite half an hour there was not so much as the rustle of a leaf in the Wilderness, and then George Carleigh's face rose slowly above the bracken, and he looked down at where the hole had been scratched beneath the mass of rock.

There was nothing there but some freshly-scraped earth, and for the moment Carleigh thought that he must have missed; but the next moment he saw a black patch a couple of yards away, and slowly descending he stood beside poor Bess, lying stretched out as if she were asleep.

But as he walked round and stood in front of the dog, he found her eyes fixed upon him with what at first seemed to be a fierce look of hatred and defiance, but directly after changed into one of pathetic reproach.

He half expected the poor beast to burst forth into a piteous whine; but Bess was silent, and the soft brown eyes that had so often looked lovingly into those of her master were turning dull.

Carleigh shivered as he glanced round to see if he was observed; but he was quite alone with his victim, and he gave his foot a nervous stamp.

"What an idiot I am!" he exclaimed; "anyone would think I had been committing a murder instead of shooting a snarling cur."

As he said these words, he gave another glance round before following out his intention of dragging the dog away among the undergrowth.

But his own words startled him, and he could not help glancing at the mass of stone and earth at whose feet the hapless dog had been scratching.

"Are you some little demon?" he exclaimed, excitedly.

He picked up a stone and hurled it at the robin, which had flitted to the hole the dog had scratched, and was peering in.

The stone fell near, but it hardly scared the bird, which flew now to a neighboring twig, and watched him as he stooped and seized the dog by one of his hind legs.

Carleigh felt his blood curdle as he saw that little bright eye fixed upon him. It seemed to read him through and through, and, loosening his hold of the dog, he cocked his gun and took aim at the bird.

As he glanced along the barrel and fixed the sight upon the robin, which was some few yards away, the round clear eye looked full into his in the most unshrinking manner, and, though his finger was upon the trigger, Carleigh did not draw it, but lowered his gun with a shiver of dread, feeling at heart this bird was a supernatural witness of his deeds, though he very excitedly exclaimed—

"Idiot! And about the bird!"

Seizing the dog by the leg once more, he dragged it along amongst the ferns and bushes, up the side of the gully, and away amongst the trees for a hundred yards, to let it roll down into the rift all overhung with briars and bracken.

"There," he said; "if you are found, poachers will get the credit."

He walked hastily back to the gully and gazed at the hole the dog had scraped out from below the stone, kicking in a few rough fragments before he ceased, saying to himself—

"If it is seen, they will only think it is a rabbit," and he walked now hurriedly into the fields to have something to show for the shots he had fired; and at the end of a couple of hours' tramp he returned to the Priory with a couple of brace of birds.

CHAPTER XLVII.

SAM BURTON'S THREAT.

"ALICE, dear," said Judith, one day, "you have some great sorrow on your mind. Why do you not confide in me?"

"Judy," said Lady Fanshaw, smiling sadly, "you have some great sorrow on your mind. Why do you not confide in me?"

"Confidence for confidence," said Judith. "I am ready to begin. Shall I frankly confess?"

"If you would, dear," said Lady Fanshaw, tenderly, "I should feel that you loved me still."

"You should feel it without that, Alice, dear. There, I'll say everything if it is only for the sake of making you speak and become happier."

Lady Fanshaw looked at her very piteously.

"I'm in love!" said Judith, somewhat calmly.

"Not with George Carleigh?" cried Lady Fanshaw.

"No," said Judith, quietly. "You do not want me to love him then?"

"Oh, no, no!"

"I am confessing to you, Alice, frankly, as one woman should to another. Be frank with me in turn. Would it hurt you for me to love George Carleigh?"

"Judith, my dear, I could not really bear it."

"Ah, Alice!" said Judith, reproachfully.

"Don't mistake me," cried Lady Fanshaw. "It would hurt me for you to love George Carleigh, because he is not worthy of your love."

"Worthy or unworthy, he will never call me wife," said Judith, firmly. "Well, I have nothing more to confess, only that I love."

"Yes?"

"Well, there: you know whom. Perhaps I shall never see him again. It is all a folly. He never could have cared much for me; so now I've had my little bit of romance, and I'm growing older and steady enough to be dear Uncle Robert's companion."

Lady Fanshaw clasped her hands convulsively as she gazed with agitated face in the poor girl's eyes, and then closed her own with a piteous sigh.

"There," said Judith, smiling, and kissing her cousin; "I have given you my little confidence, and told you how my poor heart was stolen away and taken over the sea. Now, confidence for confidence."

"No, no! don't ask me. I cannot, I dare not speak."

"Dare not, Alice, dear?" said Judith, looking at her wonderingly.

"Dare not!" cried Lady Fanshaw, excitedly, as she met her cousin's gaze. "No, no no! Judith, dear; do not look at me like that. I know what you are thinking; I am not the guilty creature you suppose I am."

"I suppose no such thing," cried Judith, flushing, as she flung her arms round her cousin and kissed her. "I know you were a dunce, but—Oh, Alice, how could you speak to me like that?"

Alice shuddered.

"George Carleigh, I know, does not he behave as he ought. Why don't you speak sharply to him? There, I will."

"You? You speak to him?" cried Alice, in horrified tones.

"Why not? It is to defend you. Besides, Uncle Harry still looks upon him as my future husband, and therefore I have a right to take him to task."

"No, no! you must not speak. Leave it to me. Some day, perhaps, he will go."

"Why not send him away?"

"Sir Harry wishes him to stay for your sake, Judith; but you will not marry him."

"Why not?" said Judith, tentatively, to make her cousin speak.

"Because I know him to be very vile and cruel. No fit husband for such a one as you."

"Then why let him stay to pay you attentions at which your soul must surely revolt? Why not tell my dear Uncle Harry?"

"No, no! I could not. Judith, dear, he loves him. He thinks so much of him, and ——Oh! I cannot speak; Judith, you torture me, and I am so weary and helpless to-day."

"You puzzle me, Alice, dear," said Judith, quietly. "If I did not know you to be the best of women, and that you loved dear Uncle Harry with all your heart, I should think—I don't know what I should think."

Lady Fanshaw stared at her wildly.

"Oh! Alice, dear, forgive me!" cried Judith, kissing her passionately. "There! some day you shall tell me more about your own troubles. Once again let me confide in you and say I shall never marry George."

Lady Fanshaw sighed.

"If Arthur Range had asked me again ——"

Lady Fanshaw gazed at her with a piteous look in her eyes, and shuddered as she closed them, but only to unclose them

again with a start of horror, for the conversation brought up the scene in the wood.

"I should, I know, have said 'yes.' I think it was cowardly of him to go away so suddenly, don't you?"

Lady Fanshaw shivered; but Judith was too much wrapped up in her own thoughts, and did not notice it.

"Of course, that was what made him go. Still, it was very offhand and sudden, and perhaps—perhaps it was for the best. Why! Alice, dear, how ill you look! Let me speak to Uncle Harry about your health; I'm sure you ought to have advice."

Lady Fanshaw shook her head.

"No; I shall be better soon," she said, sadly. "There; it is past; I am going to be cheerful and bright again, and—and you'll always love me, Judith, whatever happens?"

"Alice!" cried Judith, catching her by the shoulders and gazing into her eyes, "you have only half confided in me. As your cousin, almost your sister, is this right? Am I to think—Oh, no! I cannot, I dare not! I will not think; but you torture me with this half confidence."

"Judith, darling, some day, perhaps, you may know," said Lady Fanshaw, wearily.

"Then there must be some very great secret?"

"A secret that is wearing out my life, till I feel sometimes that it would be bliss to lay it down, and enter into forgetfulness and rest."

"But Uncle Harry?"

"I dare not—could not tell my dear husband!"

"Why?"

"Don't ask me. It is another's secret, dear. It is not mine. Be patient with me. Some day, perhaps, I may tell you all."

Just then they heard voices, and Judith went to the window.

"Oh, look! Alice," she cried; "here is poor Sam Burton out talking to uncle."

Judith ran to the door and hurried out to the front of the house, where, thin shrunken, and with the honest red and brown of his countenance turned to a sickly hue, while his clothes hung loosely upon him, Sam Burton was leaning upon a stick, talking to his master.

The keeper's face brightened, and the light came into his dull eye, as Judith shook hands with him.

"Thankye kindly, miss, I'm better, and I begin to feel this morning as if I might happen to get well again, thanks to you, miss, and her ladyship. I believe I should have gone, miss, but for your hopeful sort o' words."

"You must thank Lady Fanshaw more than me, Burton," said Judith, warmly. "I'm quite sure she has done far more than I."

"You were both like a pair of angels at the poor fellow's bedside, my dear," said Sir Harry, proudly.

"That they were, Sir Harry," said the keeper, with the weak tears in his eyes. "They did more for me than the doctor."

"And he had his hands full, Sam. Why! my man, you were a lucky fellow. I was down with just such a wound in the Punjaub, only mine was a bullet and not a shot hole. I got no nursing at all."

"I can never be thankful enough, Sir Harry," said the keeper, "for all that's been done for me."

"Yes you can, my lad; get well and strong, and to your work again. And look here, Burton, I should like you to try and get over this dislike you seem to show to the Captain."

"Dislike, Sir Harry?" said the keeper, with a very curious change coming over his face.

"Yes; you have always disliked to see him when he wished to come."

"I couldn't help it, Sir Harry. You see, he shot me!"

"Yes; it was a terrible accident."

"Ah, yes! Sir Harry; an acciden' o' course, that it gives me a shiver like to think of it, and I couldn't help not wanting to see him when I was so bad."

"Well, well, of course not. I suppose it was natural; but you must master that now."

"I'm goin' to try, Sir Harry," said the keeper.

"That's right; now go and have a gentle walk in the sun, and you are not to worry about any of your business until you are quite strong."

"I may try if I can find out about poor Bess, Sir Harry?" said the keeper, feebly touching his cap.

"What can you do?" said Sir Harry. "The case is plain enough. The dog got in the habit of straying about while you were ill, and she was decoyed away by poachers or gipsies and sold. There, don't worry, my man. Think of nothing but getting strong. I like to see my wounded men get well: I always did."

He smiled, and tapped the poor fellow gently on the uninjured shoulder; and Sam Burton went slowly on with his back bent, out and away to where he could find a sunny place among the sweet-scented pines; and there, with many a sigh and groan, he lowered himself down into a sitting posture, with his back against a tree, sighing then with content as he half closed his eyes, and gazed down the vistas of tall bronze-red columns that spread around.

"Ah!" he sighed, "I began to think I should never see you again, and that I was going straight away to the other land.

"How queer it all was lying theer off my yead, always going down theer in the Wilderness, getting that spade, and digging and digging and digging for ever to get out poor Maister Range, only he was buried so deep I couldn't get him up.

"Theer at work ivry night going down theer and feighting to get out the spade, and trying to dig up that fine young fellow, and nearly getting him out all uncovered, and the face, which I lef' to the last; and then for it always to finish the same—leaving him hidden, and feeling it like a blow from a club as beat me down on my face.

"I wonder how many times I rambled off into that dream that seemed so real—dreaming I was trying to dig him out, and being shot down.

"For he did it o' purpose—that he did," cried the keeper, growing at last so excited that the veins on his white forehead stood out, and he clenched his hands. 'It's a man's life agen their trouble; and I mun live for Milly's sake. I could sweer the cowardly hound tried to kill me afore a magistrate—and by Jove I will!"

CHAPTER XLVIII.

BALM FOR WOUNDS.

SAM BURTON shook his head and calmed down as he realized once more the consequences of betraying his thoughts.

"No, I can't sweer that," he said. "He did it o' purpose, because he thought I knew too much; but I can't tell. Curse him for a bad 'un as he is!

"I know it—I knew it every time I had that sort 'o dream. It wouldn't have come like that if he hedn't done it, and I know it's reight. Theer, I can shut my eyes now and it all comes back to me, slaving away with the spade, when I got it out, and nearly getting to the poor lad, and the shot coming.

"Yes!" he said, sitting with his eyes closed; "there it all is, and me waking agen out o' the black darkness to find my lady sitting by my bed watching.

"Eh! how I used to think she watched for fear I should be talking wild, and other folks hear what I said; but I don't think it weer now. Poor lass!—she's nobbut a lass, after all—how she used, when she thowt I didn't know, to go down on her knees, and pray and pray that I might get better: and I shall never forgit that—it settled it i' my mind—when I was so bad I couldn't speak I heerd her pray that he might be spared that crime too!

"She said it—I heerd her say it—that crime too! Poor lass! poor lass! I felt to hate her once, and to think that I must tell that she needn't be afeared for me. He was always wi' her, tempting her in the garden, like the devil tempted Eve; and I always think, and shall think, that she resisted him, or she couldn't be such a sorrowful angel as she be.

"Nay, she arn't bad, and he be; and he killed that poor lad, and he tried to kill me for fear I should let out on him. Ay, and I would, too, in a minute, but it wouldn't be punishing only him, for it would all come out then. Milly says—God bless her! how it seemed to bring us together!—she says Miss Judith's fretting about her sweetheart, but her pride keeps her up, for she thinks he oughtn't to have gone away as he did. Eh! but if she knew what I know! It would kill her.

"Then Sir Harry! I ought to tell on the cowardly hound! But if I did—eh! it would all coom out, and it would break Sir Harry's heart—him as worships his pretty young wife. She's reight; but things would never come strite again, and it would about kill the best maister as ever lived, and drive her ladyship mad.

"Eh! but I know. I can see it all in her eyes. She's living in fear of its all coming out, and it's half killing her as it is, poor lass. Milly says she sits and sobs sometimes as if her heart would break, and him all the time going about with his handsome face, like the devil in the garden.

"Wonder whether he'll try to get shut of me again. He wean't dare; but if he do he'll find he's wrong. Not a word 'll I say if he lets me be. But suppose he kills me——"

Sam wiped his brow.

"It's horrid to think on!" he muttered; "a man don't want to die. It scares him!"

He sat thinking for awhile.

"Ah, well!" he muttered; "if he do shoot me again, I've made my will. Twenty or thutty poun' arn't much to leave anyone, but theer it is, and my bit o' furniter in the keepin'-room and chamber, and them as opens that bit o' paper 'll find I say—let the police ask Cap'n Carleigh wheer he weer the time I weer shot. I could say no more.

"Marry Miss Judith!" he said all at once, excitedly. "My word! I think it would be joost and reight if I had a accident some day when we're out wi' the goons, and put a charge in him this time for a change.

"Nay, Sam, my lad, thou'lt hev to be quiet. Thou mun put up wi' thy wound for the sake o' them as has been like sisters and fathers to thee more than masters and mistresses; but I'll hev a sharp eye about, or worse may happen next time.

"Wonder how long it'll be 'fore I'm strong again. It's a bit cowd, but the sun's waarm. Being so weak maks me feel the chill. Two months I' bed, afius dreaming about the Wilderness and the spade. Eh! but I'm better now, and they needn't be scared—him or my lady, bless her! Sam Burton can be close enew when he likes."

As from habit, as he sat there, his right hand softly stirring the pine-needles in front of him with his stick, his left hand went down to his side, and made as if to pat and stroke the head of a dog.

The act made him come back from the weak, half-dozing state into which he had sunk with a start, and he struck at the ground fiercely with his stick as with face convulsed and eyes flashing, he exclaimed—

"If I thought he had killed poor Bess—nay, I do think it!" he cried—"if I could bring it home to him that he killed my poor dog, I don't think I could howd my tongue."

He calmed down, for his quick ear had caught a footstep, and he knew whose it was.

"Nay, I wean't tell," he muttered, "for the sake o' my lady and poor Miss Judith, and my little lass here, who's come to fetch me in.—Well, Milly, bairn," he said, half sadly, as the girl came up, "it beant time yet. I mun stop a bit longer."

"No; you are to come in at once; it gets cold now so soon."

"Eh! well, I'm on'y a poor broken owd wrask; thou mun do as ta wilt wi' me."

"Don't talk so broad, Sam, and don't speak like that, unless you want to make me cry."

"Nay, I wouldn't mak' they bright eyes dool if I could help it."

"But you can help it," cried Milly, kneeling down on the pine-needles by his side, "and it hurts me—for you to talk so."

"But I am a poor wrack."

"You're not," she cried; "you're getting stronger and better every day, and you'll soon be yourself again."

"Myself again?"

"I said 'self'!" cried Milly.

"Ah, well! self or sen, it be all the same; and when I'm no longer a poor helpless thing that thou canst pet and order about thou'lt turn skittish, and kick up and run away from me again."

"Shall I, Sam?"

"Eh, I fear so. Say, Milly, has the Captain interfered wi' thee again?"

"There!" cried the girl, merrily, as she played with and fondled one of the keeper's thin weak hands. "I said you were nearly well, and you are."

"Why, lass?"

"Because you're getting jealous again, and beginning to scold me. But I don't mind."

"But has he, my lass?"

"What, spoken to me?"

"Yes."

"No, not once. I don't know what come to him. You used to say cruel things about her ladyship and him. I believe she quite hates him now, and he tries to court Miss Judith, and she won't stay in the room with him alone. Oh, how black he does look sometimes!"

"And he don't court her ladyship?"

"No, of course not. I say, Sam, how much would a nice little carpet cost, and a hearth-rug?"

"Carpet? hearth-rug?"

"Yes," she said, looking down and speaking very thoughtfully. "I like to see the nice red bricks on the floor in the daytime; but at nights, when one sits down by the fire, a bit of carpet in the middle of the room and a hearth-rug down by the fender does seem so snug."

Burton looked at her wonderingly.

"I thought I should like to buy them—deep red and black, you know," said Milly.

The keeper began to tremble.

"Milly, my lass," he said, hoarsely, "don't play wi' me; I'm very weak yet and ill."

"No, Sam, dear," she said. "I wouldn't be so cruel."

"But you couldn't—think—such a weak—poor owd——"

"Nonsense, Sam!" said the bright little thing. "Why, you'll be strong and well again in a month, and if you did care—to have such a poor, silly young little thing as I am—I'd try—so hard, Sam, to be a good wife, for I do love you, Sam, and I always have very much."

As she spoke she laid her head upon his breast, out there in the quiet pinewood, and his two thin weak arms held her tightly as his breath came ready to choke him, and he tried to speak, but no words would come.

And there they sat for nigh upon an hour when Milly came to herself.

"Oh, I say!" she cried, "what a nurse I am, keeping you out here in the cold, and it's getting damp. I ought to be ashamed of myself."

"Nay, my little bird," he said, rising with more alacrity than he had shown sitting down; "thou'st done me good. I feel now as if I really was going to get well."

To show his progress he rested one hand on Milly's shoulder and the other on his stick, and walked steadily back towards the Priory, where he was still a guest.

There was no one to see, but if a spectator had been behind he would without doubt have noticed that the stick was of not much use, and that Sam Burton found the soft little prop on the other side a most remarkable support.

Certainly it was much pleasanter to the touch than a hard oaken hook.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PRECOCIOUS AUTHORS.—Some of the most brilliant productions of the human mind have been composed at a comparatively early age. Cicero's elegant oration in defence of Roscius was made at the age of twenty-seven. The "School for Scandal," considered the best comedy in the English language, was written by Sheridan at twenty-six. At twenty-five Byron had reached the height of his dazzling career. At the same age Washington Irving published his humorous "History of New York." Campbell wrote his beautiful poem, "The Pleasures of Hope, at twenty-one. Pope, at the same early age, wrote his "Essay on Criticism." Shelly, at eighteen, produced that wild, wonderful poem, "Queen Mab." Keat published his "Endymion" at twenty-four. Tom Moore, at fourteen, wrote poetry, which was published in a Dublin Magazine.

Scientific and Useful.

BIRCH BARK.—The oil of white birch bark, dissolved in alcohol, is used for the preservation of fabrics and rendering them waterproof. It will keep insects from the cloth, and does not lessen its pliability.

PRESERVING BUTTER.—A chemist in Germany has found a method of preserving butter—by covering it with a layer an inch thick of a strong solution of sulphide of lime, which he also uses to preserve cider.

KITCHEN GARBAGE.—Many householders are indisposed to burn organic refuse because of the offensiveness of the process. This can be entirely overcome if the simple plan of first drying such matters in the ash-pit beneath the fire be adopted.

OLD PAINT.—To remove varnish and paint from wood, use a solution of caustic soda. Apply with a brush made of bristles and, after a while, rinse off with water. Repeat this operation several times, according to the thickness of the paint. By this means the wood is restored to its natural color.

FOR ASTHMA.—Dissolve two ounces of nitrate of potassium in two ounces of boiling distilled water, and add two ounces each of lobelia stramonium leaves and black tea well powdered; mix well and dry thoroughly. A teaspoonful burned and the fumes inhaled generally gives immediate relief.

TAKING OIL.—Hot milk is a good medium in which to give children castor oil. Take a large wine glass, fill one-third with hot milk, put in the castor oil, then pour over it enough milk to fill the glass. If the child can be induced to drink it all without stopping, the taste of the oil will not be detected.

ODD AND EVEN.—A very ingenious plan resorted to by the cab-owners in Berlin to prevent their horses being overworked is to let the cabs with even numbers go out at a certain hour on the even days of the month, and the cabs with odd numbers on the odd days. This division of labor is found to work very well.

TO CLEAN BRASS.—Make a mixture of one part common nitric acid and one half-part sulphuric acid in a stone jar, having also ready a pail of fresh water and a box of sawdust. The articles to be treated are dipped into the acid then removed into the water, and finally rubbed with sawdust. This immediately changes them to a brilliant color. If the brass has become greasy, it is first dipped in a strong warm solution of soda; this 'cuts' the grease, so that the acid has the free power to act.

Farm and Garden.

MOLES.—A few castor oil plants here and there in the potato field is said to keep the moles away.

EVERGREENS.—Always set out a row of evergreens, as well as shade trees, along the front of the farm house, as they add largely to the value of the farm by rendering it more attractive.

BULLS.—A recent writer claims that if the same treatment is given to bulls as to other animals they can be as easily managed. If the attendant shows fear the bull will very soon perceive it, and great mischief will probably result. Firm and kind treatment is what is needed.

CHIPS OR SAWDUST.—Rotten chips or sawdust are good for lettuce and radishes, and if a top dressing is given where these are to be sown a decided improvement in the crop will follow. Night soil can be utilized to good advantage by applying it between the rows and hoeing in.

WATER, AIR AND RAT.—To make a good water, air and rat-proof floor first grade the floor and cover with a concrete of coarse gravel and hydraulic lime. Melt asphalt and saturate the concrete with it, leaving a thin coat of hot asphalt on the surface; then scatter hot sand over this and beat it firmly.

ROSE-BUSHES.—To cure mildew on rose-bushes is to dust them with sulphur once or twice a week; first syringe them, then apply the sulphur. This is best done by putting it in a bag made of old fine woolen, and shaking it lightly over the plant; the leaves should be completely covered—the thinner the coat, however, the better.

THE QUESTION OF PROFIT.—In England the farmers pay annual rentals per acre larger than the price of some farms in this country. They live only by keeping the land in the highest state of cultivation. If English farmers can afford such a system there is no reason why our farmers, who own their lands, should not make their farms pay a handsome profit every year.

WHEN FIRST HATCHED.—Chickens when first hatched should not be hurried out of the sitting-nest. For twenty-four hours at least, from the time the earliest commence to show themselves, it is better to leave them under or with the hen mother. They need no food for from a day to a day and a half usually. When they get strong enough to venture from beneath their mother's wing it is time to move the brood.

HEAVY SOILS.—Heavy soils, and those rich in vegetable matter, should receive frequent light dressings of salt. It does not act directly as a fertilizer except in very rare instances, but a bit in small doses helps to dissolve and make available other plant food of which heavy soils usually have an abundance, though not in available condition for use. On land entirely deficient in vegetable matter salt is usually of little benefit.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

SIXTY-FOURTH YEAR.

SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 25, 1885.

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"FINISH."

If we go beyond the limits of actual work-results, and inquire concerning the usual meaning of "finish," as applied to painting, literature, and such matters, we shall find the same generalization holding true in the matters of education, character, and conduct. Nothing, accordingly, can be more fallacious than the idea of imparting a finish to an originally defective education by a superficial addition, in the shape of a smattering of the higher branches. These are only rightly desirable when their study is based and built upon humbler elementary acquirements, honestly gained—when the foundation is in accord with the superstructure. True finish, in the case of hitherto imperfect training, would consist in a careful revisal of studies originally engaged in, but defectively mastered; and in the perfecting of acquaintance with them ere any further advance be essayed. The student who is impatient of difficulties in the preliminaries of any branch of learning, and who endeavors to lessen his labor by "skipping" the ordinary routine of groundwork, is not likely to attain to excellence. Sooner or later he will find that the rudiments of his knowledge being defective, the advanced stages are beyond his reach.

To glance at another aspect of our subject—that of manners. How different the courteous demeanor, finished throughout, from the thin veneer of an acquired polish which reveals itself by its superficiality! To mistake, as young persons are sometimes apt to do, a polite address alone—possibly acquired from doubtful models—for the real finish with which genuine refinement and natural grace of manner, even without adventitious aids, are permeated throughout, is but to confuse the surface quality with that which is far deeper. Such superfine elegance, on the exterior alone, is sure in the end to betray itself. It runs the risk of being overdone, and of being detected by that test. It is a varnish merely, and the material underneath is generally of sorry grain. True finish is the enemy of all shows and make-believes in conduct, as in work-results.

The application of our subject might be much more prolonged. We might extend it to the whole of the life-work of the individual, including in it singleness of aim and endeavor—which we might term concentrated finish—a lofty purpose inspiring a career; everything noble in disinterested philanthropy, everything exemplary in self-denying perseverance toward worthy aims. All these have their peculiar finish, inasmuch as they are instances of the best being done in each particular sphere of duty.

Finally, this element of finish being complete, and not one-sided in its requirements, excludes such excessive devotion to any particular pursuit as may impair the symmetry of the life-work, and also anything which tends to disturb the equipoise which ought to subsist between the mental and physical energies. The truest finish, alike in the conduct and the results of the life-task, is attained by the harmonious development and interaction of our several powers, each to its end.

SANCTUM CHAT.

THE matches consumed in the United States require wood to the annual value of $3,298,562; the railroads use about $3,000,000 of wood for fuel, and $2,000,000 for ties each year.

—

A MODEL for a straw house has been patented by an Indiana genius. The walls, as illustrated by the model, are to be made of bales of hay and straw, and then plastered and bolted down. This material is said to be preferable to brick, and as endurable.

—

THE United States has 17,000 dentists, who use a ton of gold and five tons of other metals, and make 4,000,000 artificial teeth annually. Only one American in eighty is found to have perfect teeth, and one-third of the population make more or less use of the artificial product.

—

A NEW YORK physician estimates that three millions of the human race die annually of phthisis, which is the scientific name for consumption. The great predisposing cause he holds to be malnutrition; the chief elements in the preventative or curative process are food, air and exercise.

—

THE Connecticut Senate has passed the bill providing a State bounty of ten cents for any person planting, protecting and cultivating elm, maple, tulip, ash, basswood, oak, black walnut, hickory, apple, pear and cherry trees, not more than sixty feet apart, for three years, on any public highway.

—

THE roller-skating craze has not only filled the coffers of many rink proprietors, but it has also performed a similar service for skate manufacturers, one of whom, an Indiana man, who only a year ago could scarcely obtain credit for one hundred dollars at the bank, is now worth a quarter of a million, all of which was made out of the manufacture of the "little rollers."

—

A RECENT writer expresses the opinion that the internal heat of the earth may be utilized for the production of steam by digging wells deep enough to reach the desired temperature. But he cautiously adds that the excavation of wells deep enough for that purpose would involve a greater cost than the production of steam by the combustion of coal, or even by solar heat.

—

A NOVEL entertainment, called a pie party, is to be given shortly by a Grand Army Post of Massachusetts. Each lady is to contribute a pie, the pastry of which shall bear her name. The pies are to be wrapped in paper and sold to the highest bidders, who are then expected to do escort duty for the remainder of the evening for the lady whose name is on the pie. It is presumed that males only are to bid.

—

ONE young lady who is in the swim of Washington gay society, announces that she braced herself up to get through the past winter on an average of eighteen cups of tea daily. Another one doses with quinine to carry her through dinner and ball. Others rely on strong coffee, beef tea with brandy in it, and the massage treatment. Altogether, it seems like the grooming of a stud of race horses, and unworthy of human beings, who it is to be supposed are endowed with a fair share of brains.

—

A SINGLE bitter word may disquiet an entire family for a whole day. One surly glance casts a gloom over the household, while a smile of sunshine may light up the darkest and weariest hours. Like unexpected flowers which spring up along our path, full of freshness, fragrance, and beauty, so kind words, gentle acts, and sweet dispositions make glad the sacred spot called home. No matter how humble the abode, if it be sweetened with kindness and smiles, the heart will turn longingly towards it from all the tumult of the world, and home, if it be ever so homely, will be the dearest spot beneath the circuit of the sun.

—

A GREAT many and amusing stories are told about Makart, the great Vienna painter, since his death. He was an eccentric genius, and so very popular with fashionable ladies that every one was surprised when he married an ordinary-looking woman. It seems that somebody was once inquisitive enough to ask him why he did so; whereupon he replied: "To have a good-tempered, sensible woman to trust in when all the butterflies, who, after all, are only caterpillars dressed, forsake me." To men of genius a good-tempered, sensible woman often proves more attractive and desirable for a wife than the most beautiful butterflies of fashion; and, in choosing wives, men who do not possess genius might profitably follow their example.

—

EVERY healthy person, man or woman, should be a good walker, able at any time to walk from six to twelve miles a day at least, and for double that distance when gradually brought up to it. The points to be attended to are—to see that the walk is brisk and vigorous, not of a loitering or dangling kind; that there be some object in the walk besides its being a routine "constitutional"—that is, not like the staid promenade of the orthodox ladies' school—and, if possible, that it be in pleasant company; that there be no tight clothing, whether for the feet or body, which will constrain or impede the natural movements of the limbs and trunk; and that the walk be taken, if it be possible, in the fresh country air.

—

ACCORDING to a traveler, who has lately returned from Terra del Fuego, whither he was dispatched on a mission by the French Government, the Fuegians are the lowest human beings in the scale of existence. Their language contains no word for any number above three; they are unable to distinguish one color from another; they have no religion, and no funeral rites, and they possess neither chiefs nor slaves. Their only weapons are bone-pointed spears, and as they grow neither fruits nor vegetables, and their country is naturally barren, they are obliged to live entirely on animal food. Even these savages possess, however, some social virtues. They are not cannibals; they ill-treat neither women nor the old, and they are monogamous.

—

IT has been ascertained by statisticians that the death rate for the married is lower than the death rate of bachelors and spinsters, and the conclusion reached by some of them is that marriage is therefore a preventive. The Registrar General of Scotland considers celibacy more unwholesome than an unventilated and undrained house. Some scientists go even farther, and prove by statistics that consumption, lunacy, idiocy, dishonesty, drunkenness, and other evil qualities, are less common among the married than among the unmarried. But the latest argument in favor of hymen is that the mortality from cholera is five times greater among unmarried than married men. These are curious facts, and redound to the credit of matrimony as a sort of balance-wheel that adjusts temperate living.

—

UNDERSTAND the reasons of a bad habit, and all the reasons why the habit is injurious. Study the subject until there is no lingering doubt in your mind. Avoid the places, the persons, and the thoughts, that lead to the temptation. Frequent the places, associate with the persons, indulge in the thoughts that lead away from temptation. Keep busy; idleness is the strength of bad habits. Do not give up the struggle when you have broken your resolution once, twice, thrice—a thousand times. That only shows how much need there is for you to strive. When you have broken your resolutions, just think the matter over, and endeavor to understand why it is you failed, so that you may be on your guard against a recurrence of the same circumstance. Do not think it an easy thing that you have undertaken. It is a folly to expect to break off a habit in a day which has been gathering long years.

—

HE is the poorest, meanest, narrowest of men who seeks his own gratification at the expense of others, and he will eventually become the most miserable. It has been demonstrated by all history, and by all human experience, that the courses of conduct which we agree to call just and right are exactly those which observe the best happiness of the individual, the family, the social circle, the nation, and the world. Therefore, in the words of a recent writer, "He who forgets all about happiness, if he can do such a thing, this uprising desire at the centre of his life, this mainspring and motive of all activity—he who forgets it, and simply determines to follow the guiding-star of duty, to be always just, unselfish, to do always the right, is taking the very straightest possible road toward the highest degree and the largest amount of happiness, both for himself and for all others concerned."

—

IT is the penny saved more than the penny earned that enriches; it is the sheet turned when the first threads break that wears the longest; it is the damper closed when the cooking is done that stops the dollars dropping into the coal-bin; it is the lamp or gas turned low when not in use that gives you pin-money for the month; it is the care in making the coffee that makes three spoonfuls go as far as a cupful ordinarily; it is the walking five or six blocks instead of taking a car or omnibus that adds strength to your body and money to your purse; it is the careful mending of each week's wash that gives ease to your conscience and length of days to your garments; and last of all, it is the constant care exercised over every part of your household, and constant endeavor to improve and apply your best powers to your work, that alone give peace and prosperity to the family

—

SLEEPING CARS are now run on all lines out of Paris except to London. The sleepers are smaller than Pullman cars. The cabins are all on one side of the car; on the other is an aisle running the entire length of the coach, with wide windows, close to which are fixed stools for the benefit of travelers. The beds are rather narrow, but the mattresses are good, and the covering clean and plentiful. Instead of reposing with your feet toward the engine, you travel sideways. The cabins are lined with maple and oak, and the door may be locked on the inside. The roof of your little room is of canvas, painted a sky-blue, with birds in red and black flying around among fleecy clouds of gray. The bed blankets are red; so, too, are the window curtains, and if the lamp shines too brightly there is a red hood which you can draw over it. The prices for berths are about double what they are in this country.

—

IT is an undignified, but not unusual, spectacle, to see people who have attained middle-age fretting and fuming over what should be unconsidered trifles. Strange it is that they have not yet learned the impossibility of arranging the universe after one's own little pattern. The people who worry are not always those who suffer from some physical weakness or mental anxiety; these not unfrequently are silent, for their troubles lie too deep for complaining words. The more fretful spirits are those who burst into irritability over the countless little things which are not done to their satisfaction, and who bridle over fancied slights. A close examination shows that it is the crumpled rose-leaves—no doubt uncomfortable—but not the thorns, which excite fretfulness and anger. Worrying is a disagreeable habit of mind which can be remedied by a resolve to cease complaining about "what can't be cured."

JOY AND SORROW.

BY F. B. DOVETON.

In vesture spotless as the driven snow
She heaps the crystal vase with dewy sheen—
With green tones down the rich azalea's glow,
And deftly slips the orange sprays between.
Do visions swell that gentle bosom now
Of bridal wreath upon her own fair brow?
Angel music o'er vale and lea
Soon will be clashing merrily.
Laughing too are the skies above,
Light winds whispering joy and love.

In robes as black as stately raven's plume
The weeping sisters weave a purer wreath.
No flaunting flowers may the pall illume,
But lilies, whiter than the dead beneath.
Sweet stephanotis, maidenhair, may rest
Within the palms crossed softly on the breast.
Solemnly, slowly tolls the bell
Over the desolate, dreary dell;
Sombre the heavens overhead,
Weeping now for the fair young dead.

In Quest of a Husband.

BY ANNETTE L.

IT is uphill work. Life is not all beer and skittles, is it?"

"I have not found it so certainly!"

Captain Langton looked across at the proud, handsome face of Helen Stanley, then glanced round the shabby ill-furnished little room. His blue eyes were full of hearty sympathy and genial friendliness when he turned them again in the direction of his companion.

"Poor old Helen!" he murmured. "It is hard lines."

These two had known each other well in the "better days" when Helen had been surrounded by the comforts and luxuries that it seemed natural to suppose would always belong to the only child of the wealthy Robert Stanley. Fast friends they were before an unlucky turn of Fortune's wheel left Helen stranded—the money-spinner gone, and with him the whole fabric that had seemed so substantial. They had been boy and girl together, and it was to Helen that George Langton first confessed his determination to "go to sea," with his father's approval if possible, and without it if needful.

George Langton's professional duties had necessarily frequently interrupted the even course of this friendship and since Helen's reverses it had been in danger of total collapse.

"I had such a hunt for you," observed the Captain presently. "No one could tell me where you had stowed yourself. Were you surprised to see me?"

"Not very. I saw by the paper that your ship had come in."

The calm tones of her voice told nothing of the eager search she was in the habit of making for information respecting the vessel, or of the intense interest with which she marked out its course and speculated as to its whereabouts.

"I wish then you had saved me all this trouble by letting me know where you was to be found," said the Captain, in a matter-of-fact way.

Helen smiled a significant little smile.

"I see. What a pity it is you are so proud, Helen! I always told you it spoilt you."

"Proud! I?" she asked with raised eyebrows.

"Yes—proud as Lucifer and as obstinate as the very——"

She interrupted him with a burst of laughter, harsh and forced.

"I have so much to be proud of, haven't I?" she said, with an ironical sweep of her hand round the dingy room.

Captain Langton was silent for a little while. He felt annoyed, and almost wished that he had made no effort to find her out. He had come so full of generous goodwill and pity for her, and she seemed so determined with her cold manner and supercilious voice to resist his advances. He would so gladly help her if she would let him; but the old family relation seemed broken up, all the freedom and good-fellowship gone.

"You are changed, Helen," he said, at length, with something like a sigh.

"Changed? How am I changed?"

"I cannot exactly define how; but you are awfully changed. What has become of all that sparkle and dash?"

"I have had it rubbed out of me, I suppose."

"Poor Helen!" Then, as if impressed with the force of a sudden conviction—"I cannot think how it is you have not married."

She looked up quickly; her pale face flushed crimson.

"It is strange, seeing what opportunities I have," she answered, with quiet sarcasm.

"You must have had lots of chance though."

"If I had, I let them go. Men don't marry penniless governesses."

"You are clever," he continued, with brotherly frankness; "and most fellows would call you handsome."

"Which means that you don't."

"I never did, you know. I don't admire dark women."

"You are candid, at all events."

"We two never did waste much sentiment upon each other. Don't you remember how we used to squabble and fight, Helen?" said he, laughing.

She did not join in his mirth, and there was an awkward pause in the conversation. She was very difficult to get on with. Captain Langton wondered how it was the difficulty had never struck him before.

"It must be lonely for you," he observed, making another effort to break through the barrier of reserve that she seemed bent upon setting up between them. "But you have friends—you see people sometimes?"

"My pupils and my landlady—and her husband occasionally."

"Pshaw! I mean men and women of your own class."

"I have no class. My friends have drifted away from me."

"Or you from them?"

"As you like. It comes to the same thing."

There was silence again. Helen sat with her hands clasped loosely in her lap, and a face as cold and impenetrable as that of the Sphinx. Captain Langton seemed to have fallen into a brown study, with his eyes fixed upon the fire in the tiny grate.

"I have it," he cried, suddenly waking up, his face full of the energy and mischief that Helen remembered as two of its chief characteristics—"I have it! What is the use of your moulding on like this?"—with a comprehensive glance which took in the contents of the comfortless little chamber. "Suppose we two lay our heads together and go to work systematically in search of a husband for you?"

She looked at him for a moment in bewildered surprise, then burst into laughter. The vehement earnestness with which he made this droll proposition was irresistible, and her mirth was genuine enough in spite of herself. Delighted with his success, Captain Langton continued—

"I am not joking. It is to be done, I tell you. There will really be no difficulty about it, if you will put yourself into my hands and obey my directions. Let me see. I have all arranged. You must act the part of widow—you used to be a good hand at acting, Helen—take a passage in the *Edinbro' Castle*, and before we reach Melbourne I wager you anything you like the thing will be done!"

"What nonsense you are talking, George!" she exclaimed.

But her eyes from some unknown cause were kindling into fire, and her face seemed to be catching some of the life and energy of his.

"It isn't nonsense! I have often thought it would be a most interesting campaign, and perfectly legitimate. You are wasting your life here. You would make a capital wife for some fellow, I am convinced. Of course you shall have freedom of choice in the matter. Why, it is the simplest thing in the world! Men have nothing else to do on board a sailing-vessel but to quarrel among themselves and fall in love with the women."

"How have you contrived to escape them?" she asked coldly.

"I? Oh, I'm not a marrying man! Besides, the captain has the ship to attend to. It is only the passengers that get into messes of that sort. I have seen some odd love-making and some strange matches."

"And you seem anxious to add to your experience."

"No. I only want to see you comfortly settled and happy."

"The possibility of your having no passengers 'heart whole and fancy free' does not appear to enter into your calculations."

"I dont care what the state of a man's heart may be when he comes on board; with a little management a clever woman can twist the wariest and most indifferent round her little finger before she has been at sea a week."

"Providing there are any to twist."

"I'll see that you don't take your passage till we're satisfied on that point."

"Suppose half a dozen other maidens embark with the same worthy object, all boasting of metal more attractive than myself?"

"You have not much to fear. Widows have the advantage of unmarried girls, I notice; they have more liberty. A starlit night, time hanging heavily on a fellow's hands, and a good-looking widow clinging to his arm——Ah, I could put you up to no end of wrinkles, Helen!"

Whether Captain Langton was really serious when he first propounded his most original notion Helen could not say; but as he proceeded he grew very much in earnest, and there was a certain fascination in his hearty vigorous method of argument. He went on enlarging upon the subject and filling in the details till he persuaded himself that it would be a desirable thing, a good thing, and, moreover, a very amusing thing to assist Hymen in his selection of a spouse for Helen. He grew more and more excited and enthusiastic as he saw that Helen's face was flushing and softening under the influence of some feeling which seemed to transform the cold, proud woman of an hour before into the warm-hearted friend of his youth. At last he rose to take his departure.

"Then it is agreed, Helen," he said. "You'll come on board as my sister. But I will see you again to make final arrangements."

"It will be as easy to find work in Australia as here, I suppose?" Helen surmised, half to herself, as she also rose.

"What do you mean? You will not need to work."

"I may fail, you know," she said, raising her eyes to his for a moment with an expression in them which puzzled him.

"You won't fail!" he replied confidently.

"I may."

"If you play your cards even moderately well, you can't. Good-bye!"

He was gone, but the little room still seemed to echo the sound of his laughter, and the cheery tones of his voice lingered yet on the air as Helen watched him disappear down the street in the twilight. When he had quite vanished from her view, she left the window, threw herself into a chair, and became absorbed in thought. Night came on, and the darkness gathered round her, yet still she sat, her elbows upon the table and her hands supporting her head. The summer moon rose and flooded the room with her pale, cold light, showing Helen's face changing and working under the influence of her hurrying thoughts.

"Why should I not?" she murmured once. "I have no one belonging to me—not a friend in the world; why should I not?" Then, in a lower whisper still—"At least, I shall be with him."

There was silence again for a long time, and then she started up suddenly exclaiming—

"Oh, I do despise myself—I do—I do!"

As if this burst of passion had exhausted all her energy, she sank back into her chair, threw her arms upon the table before her, leaned her head upon them, and gave way to a helpless fit of weeping.

* * * * *

"Not wishing yourself back, I hope, Helen?"

Captain Langton asked the question a little anxiously; there was something so spiritless in his companion's attitude, such utter hopelessness in the expression of her face as she watched the long dim line of land growing more vague and shadowy as the fresh breeze filled the sails of the *Edinbro' Castle*, and she sped away gracefully from the shores of old England. The bustle and confusion of departure had not subsided when Captain Langton managed to steal a few moments from his pressing duties to have an interview with the lady entered on the ship's books as "Mrs. Stanley, widow," and already described by a few as "the Captain's sister."

The sound of his voice roused Helen from her fit of abstraction.

"No. I don't know what I was wishing—it is too late to wish anything, I think," she said wearily.

"Don't look so wretched, for Heaven's sake, Helen! After all, what is it? You used to have lots of enterprise, and I know you are not afraid. What is the matter?"

She looked up at him; but, not having the key, he was at a loss to understand the restless misery of her glance.

"How mean and contemptible you must think me!" she said, as if she had not heard him.

"My dear girl, I think nothing of the kind," rejoined he most earnestly. "It was my own suggestion, you must remember. But look here, Helen—if you feel it so much, let us give it up, and no harm will be done."

"You are mistaken. I don't want to give it up," she said quietly.

"You are quite sure?" he asked, peering anxiously into her white face.

"Yes."

"You are tired then," he said kindly. "Come in here: I want to speak to you." He led the way into his cabin. "I don't like to see you look like that. You know I am your brother now," he added lightly.

She drew up her head proudly, and there was color enough in her face.

"What is it you have to say to me?" she asked.

"We must arrange our plan of action. Let me give you an idea of the material you will have to work upon."

"Well?"

"I find there are no fewer than three fellows sailing with us any of whom would answer our purpose."

"And where am I to bestow my attentions?" she asked, ironically.

"Oh, that will be a matter for you to decide!"

"But you will give me the benefit of your advice?"

"Of course. Now listen. There's a young fellow named Collins going out to try sheep-farming."

"Not a lucrative employment, I should think," she interrupted.

"He is of good family and has first-rate prospects."

"And the others?"

"Well, there's Doctor Duff—been home for a visit—has one of the best practices in Melbourne and a capital position—and there is old David McBriar. Now there's a chance for you! One of the biggest men in the colony—a Justice of the Peace, and Heaven knows what besides!"

"Describe him further. What age is he?"

"Somewhere between fifty and sixty. But what do a few years more or less matter after a man is past forty? He's a long-headed Scot."

"That doesn't sound promising."

"Well, suppose you try Duff?" said he gravely.

"How shall I begin?" asked Helen; and she could not help smiling at the earnest business-like tone of his voice and manner. "Can you suggest any method?"

"That I must leave to you."

"I should like to hear your ideas on the subject."

"Oh you know better than I can tell you. You must act a part."

"I am acting a part."

"If you are going to look like that, I am afraid it is not one that will pay. You'll lose the game with that face, Helen."

"I don't expect to win," she muttered. Then, raising her voice—"How would you have me look? Suppose you give me some hints."

"Well, let me see—there are two or three characters you might take. There is the melancholy sentimental widow—but I don't think that would suit your style," he said, with a critical look at her—"there is the sprightly dashing widow, and there is the gentle helpless widow—that is the most effective, if you could manage it. Ask advise about every mortal thing, from how to make profitable investments to the arrangement of your head-gear. Affect helplessness systematically, and throw into your conversation a few pathetic remarks concerning the 'dear departed.'"

"I will tell no untruths," she said shortly.

"What is this then?" he asked, touching her black gown.

The angry color rushed to her cheeks; but before she could reply they were interrupted by a knock at the door and a voice which announced that the pilot was about to leave the ship.

"All right—I'll be with you directly!" cried Captain Langton. "I must be off," he added, turning again to Helen. "I have forgotten whether you said you were a good sailor; but in any case it will be well for you to keep your cabin for a day or so. It will excite interest and speculation which I shall take care to encourage. By-the-way, I shall keep a place for you at my table, and I'll manage to find room also for the fellows I spoke of."

"Thank you," she said stiffly.

And he went away, saying to himself sadly—

"She is changed; there's no fun in her at all!"

A somewhat odd expression took possession of Helen's handsome features as she turned in the direction of her own cabin.

"I wonder if there was ever such a miserable woman in the world as I am?" she murmured, when she had gained the tiny chamber which was to be hers during the voyage, and there was grim amusement mingled with scorn in the smile with which she asked herself the question.

Captain Langton's suggestion was religiously carried out, and for the space of three days "Mrs. Stanley" remained a close prisoner in her cabin. At the end of that time she appeared in the saloon just as the passengers had settled down to breakfast, causing no small sensation by her advent amongst them. Her face was exceedingly pale, and there were dark rings round her eyes, which wore a softened melancholy expression, infinitely touching the "young fellow named Collins" thought. Indeed so altered was her whole manner and appearance that Captain Langton, rising to meet her, whispered, in a tone so concerned as to bring the truant blood to her cheeks again—

"Have you been really ill, Helen?"

"No," she said, raising her eyes to his in which he thought he saw traces of tears.

"What has been the matter then?"

"Nothing, only I have been following your advice, and it wasn't very lively."

"We'll soon put that all right," said he cheerfully; then aloud—"This is your place, Helen; allow me to introduce you to your neighbor. My sister, Mrs. Stanley—Doctor Duff."

And she found herself seated between that gentleman and Captain Langton, while the "long-headed Scot," whose every faculty seemed at present to be concentrated upon his making a satisfactory meal, and the embryo shepherd, who employed all his time in gazing, sat opposite. It was evident that the heart of this hapless youth was all unprepared for attack, for he surrendered it weakly there and then, before the enemy had fired a single shot or even decided to aim in his direction at all.

And now a new order of things set in on board the *Edinbro' Castle*.

It is wonderful how easily a clever and ingenious person of either sex may become the centre and mainspring of a small surrounded and confined by the monotonous ocean. Those who had already begun to feel the effects of ennui experienced a delightful sensation of curiosity the moment their eyes fell upon Mrs. Stanley's handsome face and graceful figure with its clinging black drapery. Without apparent effort, from the hour she took her place in their midst till the day she bade farewell to most of them for ever, she became the centre of attraction of that small floating world. Admired, disparaged, praised, or blamed, she was a never-ending source of conversation and surmise. With consummate art she ingratiated herself with the matrons, stole the goodwill of the maidens, and took by storm the hearts of the men. She played chess with Mr. McBriar, talked sentiment and politics with Doctor Duff, and sang duets with the enamoured Collins—in fact, was the pivot upon which all things social turned on board the *Edinbro' Castle*.

Captain Langton, from his position of looker-on at the game, marvelled exceedingly, and was much perplexed. Could this be "acting"? Involuntarily he found himself wondering and contemplating with as much interest as the rest.

It was not long before it became apparent to all that the infatuation of "young Collins" was reaching a climax, and equally evident presently, when the youth sulked by himself in a corner, and Helen sought the protection of the feminine element, that some adverse current was interfering with love's course.

"What's up now, Helen?" asked Captain Langton, seizing a brief opportunity as she passed him in the companion-way.

"What do you mean?"

"What is the matter with young Collins?"

"How should I know?"

"I say, Helen," continued he, laying his hand on her arm to detain her, "why do you treat me so differently from all the other fellows?"

"Do I treat you differently?" she asked calmly.

"By George, I should think so! To them you are graciousness itself, to me you——"

"I have no designs upon you, remember!" she interrupted, with a mocking laugh, as she escaped and ran past him lightly.

It was evening, and the wind, which had risen, was moaning dismally through the rigging. Long parallel lines of dark cloud suggestive of rain, hung on the horizon. The poop was deserted, with the exception of one solitary figure, which seemed absorbed in contemplation of the straggling line of foam left in the vessel's wake. Captain Langton, pacing the deck lazily with a cigar in his mouth, caught sight of this figure, and made towards it, quickening his steps as recognition dawned upon him.

"Is that you, Helen?" His voice startled her, so intently was she thinking. "What are you doing up here alone?" he continued. "Why are you not below with the other passengers?"

"I am enjoying my privileges for once!" she retorted.

"You must be cold; let me get you a shawl," he said amicably.

"No, thank you."

"Well, let us walk about. I have something to say to you," said he offering his arm.

"I can walk alone."

"Confound it, Helen, you might be ordinarily civil!"

"Is that what you want to say to me?"

Captain Langton smothered an impatient exclamation. For a little while they paced the deck in silence, which Helen seemed determined to make no effort to break.

"Why couldn't you be honest with me this morning?" asked Captain Langton at last.

"Honest with you? I don't understand; explain yourself."

"Why did not you tell me young Collins had proposed?"

"Who said he had?"

"He did."

"He is at liberty to do as he likes," said she carelessly. "I may be wrong; but I thought honest women kept little triumphs of that sort to themselves."

"But what about our compact?"

"Our compact did not bind me to dupe lads of twenty!" she cried, her voice breaking into passion. "You need not remind me, George; I know I am acting a lie! I know and feel to the uttermost the mean and despicable part I am playing! Yes; and I know too it is of my own free will that I am in this position.

"Why did you encourage him, Helen?"

"I never encouraged him—never!"

"He thinks you did."

"It is absurd! I thought him a boy, and treated him as one. I never dreamt he could mean anything serious. Badly as you think of me, you must believe me." He could not see her face, but her tones and gestures were intensely earnest. "Besides," she added, in a low tone, "I do not care for him, and never can."

At that moment a more pronounced lurch on the part of the vessel threatened Helen's equilibrium.

"Hallos! Steady!" cried the Captain. "I knew you could not manage alone," he said, drawing her hand through his arm.

It was only a brotherly attention; there was no need for her heart to throb so wildly; nor for the matter of that was there any occasion for him to make such efforts to catch a glimpse of her face in the glimmering light.

"Then there is no chance for him? He asked me to use my influence."

He was bending towards her, speaking eagerly, and seemed anxious for her answer. As she made none, he continued—

"As for caring for him, it seems to me married people get on very fairly without much of that sort of thing. Perhaps you like some one else?" he persisted.

"I like myself," she answered impatiently at last, "too well to marry a beggar! That is it, George," she went on, slipping her hand from his arm, and laughing recklessly. "I have discovered the nature of Mr. Collins' 'prospects,' and find I should not be much better off if I married him than as I am."

"Oh!" ejaculated the Captain, utterly discomfited by the sudden change in her. "Is that how the wind blows?"

"What did you say?"

"You intend flying at higher game?"

"If I attempt to fly at all—certainly!"

"Have you any chance of success?"

"Very little; but 'he who aims at the sky means higher than he who shoots at a tree,' you know."

"What an odd girl you are! I cannot make you out!"

"That is scarcely to be wondered at, seeing that I cannot make myself out. Good night!"

He watched her till her fluttering black draperies vanished from his sight, then turned to that never-failing comforter and friend, his pipe, and cogitated on the peculiarities of human nature generally and of feminine nature particularly.

From that time forth the discerning observed a marked change in the behavior of the widow. It was clear to the most apathetic that the hopes of the enamored Collins had received a death-blow. No longer was it his pleasing task to contrive shady nooks for Helen's chair, arrange her cushions, interpose his umbrella betwixt her graceful head and the sun, coax for her a gentle breeze from the languid air with her fan, or read aloud through the lazy hours dreamy passages from the poets. The saloon never echoed now to the music of their mingled voices raised in song, and when Helen strolled on deck in the twilight, it was no longer poor young Collins who loitered beside her.

As was to be expected, some applauded and some censured. There were those who considered that her conduct was just what it should be, seeing that the ardor of the youth was overstepping the convenient limits of friendship; and there were those who condemned her behavior as cruel and heartless to a degree. The number of the last increased when Doctor Duff seemed to be stepping into the place left vacant. It was true that a few wiseacres convinced themselves and each other that this was only an artful ruse on Helen's part to rivet more firmly the chains that held the unhappy Collins captive, especially as they noticed the efforts the young man made to get up a counter-flirtation with a girl in her teens. Collins, doing his best to cheat himself into the belief that he was cultivating enjoyment and revenge at the same time, with one eye at the service of his "ladye faire," and the other keeping jealous watch upon Helen and the attentive Doctor Duff, did not like it at all.

Captain Langton, when the position of affairs thrust itself upon his notice, murmured in his heart, "Humph! So that is her game, is it?" and fell into a fit of musing, out of which condition he roused himself suddenly, exclaiming *sotto voce*, "Well, what does it matter to me?" Notwithstanding which philosophical interrogatory, he was, curiously enough, uncomfortably conscious of an inward conviction that he did not like it at all, either.

In spite of himself, his judgment and his inclination, this sentiment rather increased than diminished as he continued to watch Helen and her new admirer—she with her pale earnest face, her features in silhouette against the evening sky—he all animation, bending down his head towards hers, totally absorbed.

"Confound him!" muttered the Captain, his eyes travelling down the ray of moonlight to where it caught Helen's white hand resting upon the Doctor's coat-sleeve.

It would have afforded much relief to the minds of these good people could they have heard the purport and drift of the apparently engrossing conversation.

"She is the dearest girl in the world!" remarked Doctor Duff emphatically.

"She must indeed be charming," Helen replied enthusiastically. "And you will be married, next year, Doctor Duff?"

"I hope so. How good it is of you to to listen to me, Mrs. Stanley! You never speak of yourself, I notice."

"Don't I? I have nothing interesting to tell, I suppose."

"I cannot believe that," said the Doctor earnestly; and Helen blushed, and the miserable Collins, regarding them jealously gnashed his teeth and contemplated desperate things.

So the days glided by; and this fraction of the world glided with it, the vices and virtues of its prototype well exemplified within its narrow area. For all outward excitement there was only the hailing now and then of a passing vessel, or discovery of masts on the horizon, the shooting of an albatross, or capture of a sunfish. Internally the voyagers were "kept alive" by trivial heart-burnings and jealousies, triumphs and disappointments, disputes and differences, urged with that pliant member the tongue in steerage and cabin alike.

Wind and weather had been kind to them, giving them but few of the terrors of the sea. On this night all private animosities seemed forgotten in rejoicing, for, if luck still favored them, they hoped before another sun had set to sight the harbor-lights of Port St. Philip.

Helen Stanley was perhaps the only one for whom the prospect had no pleasure. While the mirth and merriment in the saloon were at their highest she retired with a dull sense of pain and dissatisfaction to her cabin. Sinking into the solitary seat her diminutive chamber boasted, she passed in mental review the events of the last few months. She became aware that at length the sounds of laughter and the noisy voices had sunk into silence, that she was sitting in total darkness, the stillness unbroken save by the monotonous wash of the waves against the side of the ship and the occasional tramp of the watch overhead. She rose and threw herself, dressed as she was, into her berth. She thought she was too utterly wretched to sleep; but in this she was mistaken, for it was out of deep and dreamless slumber that she was suddenly awoke by a rude shock. With wildly-beating heart, half stupefied with sleep and fear, she raised herself to listen. Her ears were filled with the sounds of crashing timber, the cries and oaths of men, and the noise of hurrying footsteps. Quickly slipping to the floor, she hastened on deck. Here a scene of confusion met her view. Men were running to and fro, dragging ropes and chains, ordering and counter-ordering, swearing and shouting at each other. Everywhere was indescribable confusion and disorder. One of the masts, encumbered with its sails and rigging, lay across the deck, and through the misty night she could just discern, a short distance from their bows, the black hull of a large steamer.

And now the passengers in various kinds of dishabille appeared hastily on the scene, mingling their cries and lamentations with the already deafening uproar.

"We have been run into!" some one exclaimed.

There was little need to explain what had happened, though many were making inquiries in frenzied tones.

"They are lowering the boats! We haven't a moment to spare!" shouted a voice; and Helen felt herself being hurried along with the rest to where the ship's crew were straining every nerve in their efforts to clear and launch the boats.

"Now, my lads, quick! Women and children first!" called out Captain Langton briskly.

One boat had been safely filled and despatched when two of the crew, detaching themselves from the rest, pushed roughly to the front.

"Stand back there!" cried Captain Langton.

"Confound it all, we ain't going to die like rats in a trap! Come on, Bill!"

"I'll shoot the first man who attempts to leave the ship!" shouted the Captain, drawing his pistol.

"Every man for himself, and God for us all!" muttered the fellow sullenly, seizing the rope in his hand.

There was the report of a pistol, a cry of rage and pain, the flash of a knife in the red lamp-light, and a woman's scream, as Helen dashed madly between the uplifted blade and Captain Langton.

* * * * * *

It was with very different feelings from those of the preceding night that the crew of the ill-fated *Edinbro' Castle* approached Melbourne Bay, and beheld from the deck of the steamer that had wrought the mischief the new land which some of them would reach bankrupt of all save life and hope. One solitary source of comfort and congratulation they possessed in common—no lives had been lost; and in continual repetition of this surprising and astonishing fact they seemed endeavoring, poor souls, to persuade themselves that other misfortunes were, by comparison, light.

The passengers were most of them below, occupied with preparations for their departure, when Helen Stanley hurried upon deck, where the evening shadows were collecting mistily. With a hurried glance around she hastened to the farther end, from the shade of which issued a dusky figure to meet her.

"You got my letter?" asked the figure anxiously.

"If I had not, I should not be here," answered she conclusively.

"To be sure, to be sure!" ejaculated the other.

For the space of half an hour or so these two figures stood talking earnestly among the deepening shadows. At length they separated and went off in different directions. As Helen, making for the companion-way, passed one of the deck-cabins, the door opened suddenly. Looking up the broad band of light thrown across the ground at her feet, her eyes encountered those of Captain Langton.

"At last, Helen!" he exclaimed, starting forward and catching both her hands in his. "Come in here; I have so much to say to you," he added, drawing her inside.

"And I to you," said she.

"My own dear Helen!" he began in an ecstasy.

"Stop!" she cried excitedly. "Wait till I have finished. You have won your wager, George!"

"My wager!" he questioned, bewildered.

"And I have won the 'long-headed Scot'!" she continued, with an hysterical peal of laughter.

"What on earth do you mean?"

"Don't you understand? How dull you are! Our plot has met with the success it deserved. Mr. McBriar has asked me to be his wife!"

"And you said 'No,' of course?"

"I said 'Yes' of course."

"Helen!"

"Why did I come this voyage? Do you forget.

Captain Langton gazed at her in utter perplexity. In all his experience he had never beheld her in such a strangely reckless mood. Some faint glimmer of a possible explanation of her conduct began to dawn upon him.

"You don't care for him, Helen," he said gravely.

"'Married people get on very fairly without much of that sort of thing,'" quoted she mockingly.

"He must be at least twice your age."

"'What do a few years more or less matter after a man is past forty?' See how well I remember your lessons!"

"It is absurd, Helen; you shall not marry him!" cried Captain Langton warmly.

"Who will prevent me?"

"I will."

"May I inquire how?" she asked scornfully.

"I will find some means, if I have to tell him the whole story."

"I have left you nothing to tell—he knows I am not a widow."

"Does he know also that you are not my sister?"

She burst into a reckless fit of laughter. "It was the sight of my sisterly devotion and courage, he says, that perfected his regard! No, I have not told him that; but I will. Do not be afraid; he shall have nothing to find out."

"Helen, you are mad, I think! Wait here for a moment."

She did not appear to have sufficient energy to move; she sat with her head leaning against the wood-work of the cabin and her restless hands clasping and unclasping themselves in her lap.

After a short delay Captain Langton returned, ushering before him Mr. McBriar, who began the moment he caught sight of Helen—

"What is this, my dear—what is this?"

She raised her eyes to his inquiringly.

"Ye should have been more straightforward wi' me, ye should indeed," he continued querulously.

"What has he been saying? How dare he interfere?" cried Helen furiously, starting to her feet.

"I leave him to settle it wi' ye. I don't understand women and their ways."

With this confession the "canny Scot" withdrew, not without deducing some comfort in the midst of his disappointment from the reflection that, since this bonny English rose was not for him, it had vouchsafed him to see that it possessed thorns.

"What have you done?" asked Helen fiercely, when the door had closed on the Scotchman.

"Saved you from yourself, Helen," Captain Langton answered quietly.

"Saved me?" she queried, scornfully; "go!"

"Be reasonable, Helen—do be reasonable, dear," entreated Captain Langton gently.

"Leave me! Go! I hate you!" she sobbed impetuously.

"And I love you and will not go till you confess that you love me too," replied he, seating himself determinedly beside her.

"I will never say so, never!" she returned emphatically.

Captain Langton said not a word, but sat listening to her vehement sobs till they grew less and less violent, and became at length helpless long-drawn sighs; then he drew nearer, and even ventured to put an arm round the listless drooping figure.

"Helen darling," he murmured softly, "I love you, and have always loved you, I think—don't move, dear—I swear I have! Do you remember the night we walked the deck together and talked of Collins? I had nearly told you then. After that, Duff seemed to be carrying all before him and I thought it was his money and position you were aiming at, and tried hard to persuade myself that it was nothing to me."

"How could you think so vilely of me?" sighed Ellen, with feminine inconsistency.

"It is all right now," said the Captain, cheerily. "We'll have no more misunderstandings, for you do love me, don't you, Helen?"

And Helen, utterly worn out, limp and feeble with the violence of her emotion, could only whisper—

"Yes."

"So I have won my wager, after all," observed Captain Langton triumphantly, smiling down upon her later on when there had been mutual admissions and explanations. "And you are not sorry, are you, dear, that you came the voyage IN QUEST OF A HUSBAND?"

The Death-Troth.

BY BERTIE BAYLE.

AINSLIE, I want to have a talk with you—come and smoke," said Wilfrid Denver, a young fair-haired lieutenant of the 42nd regiment of the Highland Brigade.

Captain Ainslie was his senior by some years; but Wilfrid had gained his friendship entirely, for in spite of their different temperaments, the elder man was singularly attracted by the younger's gaiety and affectionate devotion.

He yielded to the request. The pipes were lit, and soon they passed from lighter topics to one of deeper interest, when Wilfrid told a story to his friend of a romantic first love, which had made of his hard life in the Crimea a tender, sweet idyl.

Ainslie heard this narration with grave attention. Some of the lover's enthusiastic remarks on the object of his passion might have provoked a smile from the other, but the lieutenant's attachment was so genuine, so outspoken, that it only deeply touched him with its pathos; all the more, perhaps, because of the danger which awaited them, since that was the 19th of September, 1854, and on the morrow a battle was imminent.

Ainslie was silent, regarding the lad's flushed, animated face with a sad expression on his own grave features, for he realized that ere the setting of the next day's sun his companion might be lying coldly rigid on the field of battle.

"You have not told me her name," said Ainslie.

"It is Constance."

"And your marriage—is the day fixed?"

"No such luck!" ejaculated Wilfrid. "We should have to wait for some years for my promotion. But," continued he, with an embarrassed laugh, "it is rather premature to talk of a wedding when my fate is not yet decided. I think she loves me, though I never asked her the question until I came to the Crimea."

"Oh, you are not engaged?"

"No. I expect to get her letter to-morrow—the letter which will tell me all. Ainslie, if it comes too late, will you lay it unopened upon my breast, and bury it with me?"

The captain turned his dark eyes affectionately on his comrade's face, as he responded.

"If it comes to that, yes; but, old fellow, don't be down in the mouth; hope for better things."

* * * * * *

The battle was over. The carnage, the awful slaughter, the fierce struggle of man to man was passed, and all that remained on the heights of Alma to mark the track of red-handed war were ghastly mounds of crushed human beings and horses mingled in gory confusion.

A victory was gained; but at what a cost! The gallant soldiers had encountered the enemy. With undaunted bravely they had swept forward, while before their fixed bayonets the Russians fell like autumn leaves. But many a noble heart was that day hushed for ever, and women's tears were shed in vain for those who might return to them nevermore.

With unavailing sorrow in his heart, Paul Ainslie gazed on the scene, for his errand there was a sad one. He came to seek among the slain the body of his friend, who had fallen.

He found the still form. He looked down on the face last seen so bright with life, and the tears gathered slowly in his dark eyes.

He held an unopened letter which had just reached the camp. It was addressed to

Lieutenant Denver, in a woman's writing.

Perchance it contained the words of love which had been so eagerly desired yesterday. And now he to whom these vows were sent lay there as impressive to them as the cold earth beneath him. And, oh, to think of her! that fair girl, who had but yielded her heart to have it broken by her love's untimely death!

With a deep sigh, Paul laid the letter on the young officer's breast; and thus, with his beloved's words close to the pulseless heart, Winfrid Denver was laid to rest in his rude grave.

* * * * * *

Five years after the Crimean war is over. Paul Ainslie mingles with the crowd at a fashionable ball in the height of the London season. Such gayassemblies are not much to his taste, but he is drawn to this gathering because the idol of his heart is amongst the guests. Constance Beaumont is singularly beautiful.

Paul had been dancing with her. The delight of her presence overwhelms him.

Bending, until their eyes meet, he whispers, "Come with me."

In the cool, dimly-lighted conservatory with the splash of falling water mingling with the dreamy strains of music, he asks her one low, earnest question, "Constance, will you be my own?"

Her heart answers him.

They are quite alone, and even as she sighs tremulously, he has her in his arms close against his throbbing heart.

She draws away from his touch, with a shudder, exclaiming, wildly, "Paul—Paul! you must not love me! Seek not to unite your life with mine, for the shadow of death is on my path!"

Paul smiles superior to her fears.

"My darling, if you love me, I will never relinquish you. Death comes to all lives; but it will not fall the sooner on either of us because those lives are one," he says.

"But if my love should only bring you misfortune?" she urges.

"I will risk that, Constance. Health, happiness, life itself, are nothing without you!"

* * * * * *

It is Paul Ainslie's wedding-day. The sunlight streams through the stained-glass windows, casting gorgeous tints on the church floor.

The ceremony begins; the solemn words are spoken.

Paul stretches forth his hand to plight their troth, while Constance's slight fingers flutter into his palm. He is about to press them in a warm clasp, when an icy hand steals in between, and a shadowy form stands before the bride.

Her arm falls to her side. An awful pallor comes upon her face.

With lips apart, with eyes distended in horror, she contemplates the phantom; then, with one long, wild cry—"Winfrid Winfrid!"—she falls back senseless into Paul's arms.

The bridal guests crowd round her; there is a hum of voices, a whispered murmur of sound; but Constance knows nothing, sees nothing. White and still, with closed eyelids like the dead, she remains, and thus he bears her from the church.

In the same state she is borne from the carriage, and laid upon her bed.

As her doctor now, Paul stands beside his love; no other can he suffer to attend her. The hours pass on—the long hours fraught with anxiety. The evening closes in as Paul still keeps watch beside his patient. No change has come to that rigid form—that marble-like face; Constance lies still in a stupor, resembling death.

Her lover's heart seems breaking. He has tried all restoratives in vain.

Hurled from joy's greatest height to woe's deepest abyss, he scarce can bear the pain and live.

He throws himself upon his knees beside the couch, and clasping her inanimate form to his throbbing heart in a paroxysm of despair, he moans, "Oh, Constance, my beloved, come back to life and me!"

As if in answer to his prayers, she moves her dark eyes opening upon him with a wild gaze as of fear; then there comes a passionate burst of weeping, which shakes her from head to foot.

"Thank God!" cries Paul. "Her reason will be spared!"

The storm of tears spends itself at last, and Constance beckons to her lover.

"Send them away," she says of those who surround her. "I have much to say to you, Paul; but we must be alone."

They are left together.

Rising from the couch she totters toward him, stretching out her arms.

"Take me, Paul, my love, for the last, last time!" she cries, in a voice quivering with pain.

He draws her to his heart; he holds her there as though nothing again shall sever them, and thus she tells him the story of her life.

Scarcely has she spoken, ere Paul knows their doom is sealed; that phantom form is before him; that icy grasp seems to freeze his blood with a nameless horror.

She has loved Wilfrid Denver.

The letter he had laid on the young officer's cold breast contained her acceptance of his offered hand.

When the news of his death reached her, she had resolved to live unwedded for his sake; but after years had passed, Paul's devoted love won her heart; and, in spite of a warning presentiment, she accepted him.

Paul muses deeply for a time.

"Wilfrid Denver was my friend," he says at last. "Poor young fellow, how little I thought that the Constance he loved would come to be mine also!"

She shivers.

"Alas! never yours! No thought of marriage can ever again be between us! I release you from our engagement," says her sad voice.

"Constance," cries Paul, "do you seriously mean that this phantom is to sever us?"

"It must be so! I am bound to the dead, and even in the grave he claims my promise!"

"But, Constance, I——"

She interrupts him. "Dearest, look here."

Taking from her desk a folded paper, she puts it into his hand.

It is Wilfrid Denver's last letter. On the first page are traced these words:—

"It may be that ere I receive your answer—the answer which will bring joy or desolation—I shall be lying dead upon the battle-field. Yet, should that be my fate, I believe that even in death I shall know if you return my love. And, my darling, I fear that should another claim your troth in after years, I shall rise even from my grave to stand between you."

Paul reads this in silence.

"You see," Constance says, sadly, "Wilfrid keeps his word. I pledged myself to him; he claims that troth in death. Paul, my farewell. I shall never be your wife! I am promised to the dead!"

She speaks the words with a mournful solemnity; her lips quivering, her eyes filled with tears.

Paul strives wildly to change this decision, but in vain. He finds it impossible to dissuade her from the fixed idea that she is doomed never to marry.

At last they part—despairing love in both their hearts—part, to see each other's face no more.

When time has brought balm to Paul's aching heart, and taught him some semblance of resignation, as he wanders through a country churchyard he sees a funeral procession approaching. With a strange presentiment upon him, he stands awaiting it.

Slowly the mournful *cortege* glides along the winding road, through the lych-gate, until it rests beside an open grave.

The pall is lifted. Paul looks on the coffin-plate. It bears the name of Constance Beaumont!

He totters a few steps onward, and falls into the outstretched arms of a bystander. Bending over him, the man lifts his head, and gazes into the face of the dead.

Beyond this life—with all its doubts, its fears, its half-understood mysteries, and solemn secrets—Paul Ainslie and Constance Beaumont meet again. Perchance where there is "no marrying or giving in marriage," their love will find a fulfilment more blessed than that of earth.

The Spectre.

BY T. P. COWLING.

WHEN I first took orders, I went to serve a curacy of one of my friends in a wild and remote part of Donegal. The village was not far from the sea, and the church stood half-way between them, in a dismal place, which even in summer was exceedingly dreary; but in winter it was so bleak and deserted that it might easily pass for the haunt of beings that shun the commonplace parts of creation.

The village, and most of the surrounding lands, were the property of a nobleman whose seat was in the neighborhood.

He was a simple, kind-hearted man, who tried to promote the comfort and happiness of his tenants as far as he was able.

I was treated by him with great kindness and hospitality during my stay; and having many tastes in common, and little other society in that remote and lonely spot, we soon became intimate and familiar friends, and I was not surprised when he called upon me very early one day, for the purpose of consulting me, he said, on a subject which was giving him much trouble.

In the village lodged a medical student, who was assistant to a doctor in the nearest town, four miles off, and who was said to have chosen this quiet place for his nocturnal studies in order to be undisturbed in the pursuit of his severe and pressing studies—more probably to be entirely free from the control and direction of his employer.

Be that as it may, Harold Musgrave, a handsome, daring fellow, set the quiet villagers a very pernicious example of frequent drunkenness, and pretended to possess the faculty of foretelling the death of his neighbors.

He often exercised his powers of divination for the purposes of wantonness and revenge; but he carried on his practice with so much skill and cunning, that the simple villagers feared as much as they hated him. His predictions sometimes happened to be true, but they might have been very safely made without the intervention of any supernatural agency.

When a young girl showed all the symptoms of consumption, or when old people were rapidly failing, it was easy enough to foretell that in the space of a year they would be no more.

The rogue (who saw that his neighbors were only too easily imposed upon), nevertheless thought it fit to call in the aid of a superstitious tradition, and for this purpose he used to pass Allhallows' Eve alone in the church porch, where, he said, he beheld the shadowy forms of those who were doomed to die passing in weird procession along the churchyard path.

Among others, he declared that he had seen the spectre of a young man who was serving with his regiment in South Africa; and he declared that to his belief and certain knowledge the young Lieutenant would die in the course of a year.

This mischievous prediction was likely to have very serious consequences.

Lieutenant Nevill was betrothed to a beautiful and innocent girl who lived in the village, and they were to be married on his return.

Eveleen Verschoyle was at this time about eighteen years of age, lovely, accomplished, and refined.

Her father was an Englishman, and her mother, now dead, had belonged to a noble French family, and thus their sweet daughter united to the fair beauty of the peerless English girl the charming and sprightly gaiety of the French.

But now the year was drawing to a close, and no news had been received from her lover, although the time at which they had been expected was long since past, and Eveleen's soft brown eyes looked out from her fair face with mournful pathos; her sweet, arch mouth drooped sorrowfully, and the clear rosy color faded from her delicate cheek.

She had borne up for a long time against the apprehensions and anxieties which Musgrave's dreadful prophecies had aroused; but now her health rapidly declined, her spirits failed, and it seemed but too probable that she would form one of the grim troop who, on Allhallows' Eve, were to make their terrible journey through the church gate.

The cause of her illness was well known. The matter was talked of everywhere, and had spread a panic through the place, which had greatly vexed my friend, Lord O'Grady.

He told me that Harold Musgrave entertained a wild and ardent passion for Eveleen Verschoyle—a love violent and ungovernable as it was hopeless; and he had been heard to swear that if not his, she should be no other man's.

The young lady had always been uniformly kind and gentle to him; and black, indeed, must have been the heart, and cold and selfish the mind, which could thus deliberately plot and execute her ruin.

Lord O'Grady now visited me, to consult as to what could be done to put a stop to this daring imposture, and to restore peace to the mind of the unhappy girl.

He might have compelled Musgrave to leave the place; but this would not have remedied the past evil, and he wished first to convince the people that the pretended vision was really false and impossible.

He therefore proposed to me that I should pass the fatal eve in the church porch, and that I should publicly proclaim the result of my observations during this terrible hour to my credulous parishioners.

I had no objection to this, as, of course, I gave no credence to the popular superstition, and I hoped that my probation and testimony would convince the silly people of the folly of their fears and the falsehood of the seer's predictions.

I desired, however, that the author of the mischief might be watched, as he was quite capable of playing me some trick which might have foiled my purpose and defeated the object of my solitary vigil.

Allhallows' Eve arrived. I dined with Lord O'Grady, and spent a delightful evening with him and his family until within half an hour of midnight, when I left them, with great reluctance, I confess; and, protected by a warm and capacious great-coat, I walked rapidly towards the church.

I took my seat in the porch of the ancient building, the appearance of which, in the moonlight, was at least as strange as the times in which it was erected.

The wind moaned and blew with mournful force from the sea across the flat high lands which lay between.

It shrieked through the old church tower with wild and fitful sounds, and rushed round the corners of the building with swift and hurrying blasts.

I had not sat there long before I began to wish with an exceeding great desire that the hour of my lonely watch had expired. I was chilled to the very bone by the keen wind, and I could no longer control a painful shudder which occasionally ran through my overstrained nerves. I at last had only a few minutes to stay.

I began to pace quickly across the small porch, hoping to warm my shivering frame, when I distinctly heard the creaking of the churchyard gate.

I turned instantly towards the place whence the sound proceeded, and, looking down, I saw, in the now clear moonlight, a figure advancing up the path that ran through the churchyard.

At this moment I must confess that terror got the best of reason, and that my shivering increased with alarming violence, as I continued to gaze on the approaching object.

I could imagine no natural cause for which it was possible that anyone could be traversing that path at such an hour!

The figure suddenly stopped, and stood with its back towards me. I saw that it was dressed in a soldier's uniform. The scarlet clothes showed in the moonlight; the glittering buttons, and the sword hanging from the belt, all convinced me that the apparition wore the dress of an officer in the army!

Musgrave's prediction rushed back to my mind, and in the confusion of the moment I was almost inclined to admit its truth.

It is true that I had never seen the young soldier who had been the subject of it, but the coincidence was so strong as to stagger me.

Moonlight always gives a strange pallor to the human face, and this added perhaps by my excited fancy, gave to that of the silent figure before me a livid, death-like appearance.

I suddenly remembered the duty which I had consented to perform, and subduing with a strong effort the panic which had seized me, I stepped forward and called out, "Who goes there?"

"A friend," replied the figure, in a hoarse, but certainly natural, voice.

"What do you seek here at this hour of the night?" I asked.

"Before I answer you," replied the apparition, "let me ask what right you have to question me?"

"I am," I said, "the curate of this place."

"Well, sir," it replied, with a cheery laugh, "I must say you have chosen a cool night to perform your devotions; but, in that case, I can certainly have no objection to answer your question. My name is Nevill, and I am a lieutenant in the army. You are probably acquainted with my mother, who lives in the village yonder; and I am now on my way to surprise her with a visit, as my regiment has been ordered home so suddenly that I arrived almost as soon as a letter would have done."

I was so overcome with surprise, that for a few moments I could not answer; for this was the very person whose mother was sorrowing in all the terrors of anxiety, and whose promised bride was mourning as for one already dead.

At last I found voice to explain to the young officer the reason of my strange vigil, and the critical condition of his lovely and interesting betrothed.

He at once declared that jealousy had prompted Musgrave's horrid scheme, and I had difficulty in preventing him from rushing to his lodgings and taking summary vengeance upon him.

We proceeded at once to the house of Lord O'Grady, who was still sitting up, anxiously waiting for my report. He added his persuasions to mine, and we induced the young man to remain there for the night, and to allow me to break to his mother and his bride the joyful news of his arrival on the following morning. I shall not attempt to describe their delight.

Sweet Eveleen soon recovered when her anxiety and terror were dissipated, and a few weeks after his return I had the pleasure of uniting her for life to her frank and handsome lover, who was well worthy of even this priceless treasure.

Musgrave left the village some days before the marriage, to the great pleasure and comfort of the inhabitants, who, however still firmly believe the story of Allhallows' Eve and the spectre, although they are greatly relieved that there is now no expert, like Harold Musgrave, to give them practical applications of their pet tradition.

CHINESE ADVERTISING.—Here is a translation of a Chinese inkmaker's bill: "At the shop The shing (prosperous in the extreme)—very good ink; fine! fine! ancient shop; great-grandfather, grandfather, father, and self made this ink; fine and hard, very hard; picked with care, selected with attention. This ink is heavy: so is gold. The eye of the dragon glitters and dazzles; so does this ink. No one makes like it. Others who make ink make it for the sake of accumulating base coin and cheat, while I make it only for a name. Plenty of A-kwantsaes (gentlemen) know my ink—my family never cheated—they have always borne a good name. I make ink for the 'Son of Heaven' and all the mandarins in the Empire. As the roar of the tiger extends to every place, so does the fame of the 'dragon's jewel.'"

An order for his own coffin was given by a citizen of Rockhurst, Miss., who is ill with consumption. Minute instructions as to how the coffin was to be made were given by the sick man, who also instructed the maker to have it ready as soon as possible, as he would soon be ready to occupy it.

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Chemists have succeeded in analysing almost everything. But when certain of them attempted to discover, by analysis, the subtle element that gives to Compound Oxygen its marvelous vitalizing and healing quality, they failed utterly. And so have they failed in every attempt to discover by analysis the morbific element in small-pox or vaccine virus; in the poison of the snake or mad dog; or the poisonous taint, or miasm, in which typhoid fever, scarletina, diphtheria, or malaria originate.

They found, because they could not, that these different substances called Compound Oxygen like the evil substances we have mentioned, belong to a region of natural forces that lies above the grosser elements in nature which respond to chemical tests. The answer given by the analyst to the question, "What is it?" when enquired of in regard to Compound Oxygen, has uniformly been, that he can find nothing in it of any curative value.

And yet, through the use of what is pronounced valueless as a healer of diseases, thousands of sick and suffering people, whose physicians were unable to cure, have been restored to health during the last fourteen years. In attestation of its singular potency, prominent citizens in every walk of life—some of them widely known to the public—have not hesitated to testify openly, and under their signatures, to the fact that Compound Oxygen has cured them of ailments from which they had long been miserable sufferers, and from which death only had promised relief. As the secret of Compound Oxygen cannot be discovered through any analysis of its constituent medium, the chemist and the unscrupulous imitator, might as well give up the fruitless effort.

All desired information in regard to this wonderful Treatment will be sent *free*. Address DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard St., Philadelphia.

Our Young Folks.

WHAT CAME OF A FOXGLOVE.

BY JULIA A. GODDARD.

BEHIND, before, in the branches of the trees, amongst the blades of grass creeping under the mushrooms, swinging on foxgloves, and clinging to the ragged-robin, were the fairies.

Blanche and Belinda did not see them, because of the bright golden sunshine, which hides the fairies from mortal sight; but the fairies saw the two girls walking arm in arm through the wood.

Blanche stooped to gather a splendid crimson foxglove, which she shook gently, saying,

"The bells shall ring
For the fairy king:
Ding, dong, bell!
Ding, dong, bell!"

But, alas! as she shook it, no fewer than seven little fairy pages fell to the ground. They were not much hurt, but they were very indignant at being knocked about in that manner; also the feathers in their caps were much ruffled.

They sprang to their feet feeling very angry, especially as the other fairies were laughing

"We are the Queen's pages,
And very great our rage is!"

they shouted.

And then, as they looked more carefully at one another and saw how tossed and tumbled were their pretty suits of embroidered white velvet, they burst out crying, saying—

"We are not fit to be seen
By her Majesty the Queen:
Our clothes are all blue and green,
Who will wash and make them clean?"

"I will," said the Fairy Queen; I saw it all, and I am very angry.

My pages shall not be
Treated so shamefully!"

And her face grew as red as a peony.

But Blanche and Belinda knew nothing of all this; they had not any idea that the fairies were in the wood.

Blanche had just thrown down the foxglove, when suddenly there issued out of every flower clusters of bees, that buzzed and hummed and made a dense cloud round the two little sisters until they could not see one another.

And then—

Why, and lo! as the bees disappeared as quickly as they had come, and all was sunshine and brightness again; and Belinda was not stung, though she looked at her arms and hands, and felt her forehead and cheeks and neck, expecting to be covered with great swelling lumps. Instead of which, she had never been free from pain, and the wood around had never looked so beautiful as it did to-day, with so many butterflies of divers colors, and great green dragon-flies, that she wondered where they all came from. The wood-path, too, grew more lovely, and patches of blue sky appeared through the branches of the trees.

All at once she cried out—

"Blanche! Blanche!"

For Blanche was nowhere to be seen; and though she hunted in and out among the trees and bushes, she could not find her. No one answered, except the echoes repeating, "Blanche! Blanche! where are you?"

And then Belinda sat down and began to cry.

Belinda cried for half an hour without stopping, and her eyes were swollen up, and her cheeks wet with tears. Some one was standing by her, and a voice was saying—

"Why are you crying, little girl, I pray,
On such a pleasant summer day?
I am a dale pedlaman, with my fairy pack,
Such a weight! oh, such a weight! to carry on my back.
What will you buy, maiden? what will you buy?
Half a dozen handkerchiefs, to wipe your cheeks quite dry?"

Belinda looked up, and in her surprise left off crying. Before her stood a small boy with a bundle of wheat over his shoulder. He looked tired and melancholy, and not by any means as jovial as might have been expected from his words.

"Handkerchiefs!" said Belinda, disdainfully. "Why, you've nothing but a wisp of straw over your shoulder, and it can't be any weight."

"Try it," said the boy, throwing it down upon the ground.

But Belinda took no notice of it.

"And you're not a packman, only a little boy," she said angrily; "how can you tell such stories?"

The melancholy-looking boy answered—

"Perhaps I'm a king in disguise,
Although of a very small size;
If you were a little more wise,
You might find in the pack a great prize.

However, I'll leave it for you, and the first young gentleman you meet with will, perhaps, pick it up and carry it home for you; for you will soon find you are not able to lift it yourself."

And so saying, the boy turned away, and Belinda was again alone.

"Not lift a few ears of corn," she said, giving a slight kick to the heap at her feet.

But as her foot touched it it was no longer a bundle of wheat, but a sack tied close at the mouth, and it expanded until it was as large as Belinda herself. Added to which there appeared to be something alive in it, for it moved from side to side as though some creature were struggling inside.

"Oh! perhaps it is Blanche!" exclaimed Belinda, "and the boy has brought her back. He said 'a great prize,' and 'a king in disguise.' He may have been a fairy, who can tell?"

And she tried to open the sack, but to no purpose, for she only tore her fingers and made them bleed, and the blood dropped down on her frock and stained it, and she grew very hot.

There was a glassy pool close by, so she knelt down and bathed her hands and face; and as she rose up she caught sight of herself in the pool, and for a moment she scarcely knew herself, for she was dressed so grandly. She had on a pink satin gown and a white satin apron with cherry-colored bows, and a gauze cap, and red shoes with gold buckles.

"I wonder wherever these clothes could come from?" she said aloud.

The sack gave a roll, and whatever might be within was evidently trying to get out. And again she called out—

"Blanche! Blanche!"

She tried to lift up the sack, for she thought if she could drag it along she might in time find someone who could open it.

But she found that the melancholy boy was right, she could not move it.

"And I am not likely to meet with any one in this part of the wood."

* * * * *

Some one was whistling in the distance.

Belinda listened.

Then she cried out, "Help! help!"

The footsteps came nearer, and a boy in a fine suit came along. As soon as he saw Belinda he made a low bow, and stood with his hat in his hand.

"This must be a gentleman," thought Belinda, "or he would not be so polite."

But she did not speak.

"Did you cry out for help?" asked the youth.

"Yes," replied Belinda; "I have lost Blanche, and I want some one to find her, and to help me to carry this bag; for I can't lift it, and I believe there is a prize in it."

"Prize!" repeated the boy; "I should think there was! Why this bag is full of wonderful magic toys, and if you let them out they will search the world until they find anything that you have lost. Where did you get them from?"

"A boy with a bundle of corn brought the sack. At least it wasn't a sack, but it turned into one—and——"

"It must have been Oberon himself, the King of the Fairies, you know, who brought the sack to you."

"Ah!" returned Belinda, "he did say something about a king in disguise, but I did not believe him."

"Perhaps if you had been more polite," answered the boy, "you would have found Blanche back by this time, for he knows all about her. The Queen has carried her away because she knocked her little pages about."

"Knocked her little pages about! you are as foolish as the other boy. But if you know so much, pray where has the Queen hidden her?"

"How should I know?" replied the boy.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Belinda, and she began to cry again.

"Do be wise," said the boy; "crying does no good."

"Wise, prize, size, disguise," murmured Belinda.

"What are you saying?" he asked.

"Oh, nothing!" said Belinda.

"I beg its not true," he answered; "you said some words, say them again."

And as Belinda repeated the words the boy lifted up the sack quite easily, and cut the string that fastened it, with his knife. And as he did so—strange! even as Belinda's had done. He wore now a sort of helmet with a plume of feathers in it, and a polished dress; and he knelt down and opened the mouth of the sack. Ah! was not Belinda astonished, for out rushed the toys—such toys—all of them able to move about. One of them, a man on horseback, galloped away over a bridge in the distance; another ran up the mountain with a donkey following after him. A woman and a little child next rushed down into the valley, so did a boy with a dog that did not look like a dog running behind him.

To all of these the youth said—

Now be kind,
Find, find, find!"

Belinda gazed in astonishment, for never had she seen such toys before.

"Now," said the boy, as a white horse with a cart behind it emerged from a heap of carriages and toy soldiers, "jump in, and you and I will drive about the world till we find Blanche."

"But we can't possibly get in," returned Belinda; "it is too small for one, certainly for two."

"Do not be stupid," said the boy; "almost all mischief comes from stupidity; get in whilst I hold the horse."

How Belinda got into the little cart she did not know; but in it she was with the boy beside her, and he was driving as fast as he could go. And there was plenty of room for both.

The toy soldiers had mounted their horses and were riding behind them and at the side of them, for the boy had said—

"Mount quickly, guards."

And as they went along, Belinda presently heard the man on horseback and the woman and all the magic toys came clattering after them as hard as they could come.

"Ah!" observed the boy, "we are on the right path; the King has sent them after us."

"The King!"

"Yes; did you not see a toll-man on the bridge?"

"No," answered Belinda; but she whispered to herself, "a king in disguise; wise, prize, size."

"You are getting more sensible," said the boy, as he drove faster and faster till the white cart-horse seemed to turn into a race-horse, he went so swiftly.

"There will be an accident," said Belinda.

And so there was, for the cart-wheel flew off, and down went the cart, and Belinda and the boy were tumbled into a ditch, whence they scrambled out and rolled down a grassy slope, on and on and on, such a distance that Belinda felt quite giddy.

"This is the end of the drive," said the boy; "we need not trouble about the horse and cart. Follow me."

And Belinda followed him.

He pushed aside the red chestnut-flowers and the sycamore branches, and as he did so all the birds seemed to wake up, and to sing a wonderfully beautiful song. There were nightingales singing, though it was day, and the larks were carolling as blithely as at early morn. As for the thrushes, their voices were so clear that Belinda was sure she could hear the words they were saying.

Of course it was poetry, only Belinda had never heard such beautiful poetry before.

And the waterfall was singing, so was the brook, but they sang a different song.

"Lullaby, oh, lullaby,
Slumbering on the mayden pile,
Sweetest dreams shall flit around her,
Magic blossoms shall surround her,
Fairy chains shall keep her still,
Fairy wand ward off all ill,
Goat or fly shall not come nigh,
Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
Sleep, sweet maiden, fear no harm,
Potent is the fairy charm."

"Oh, boy! are they talking about Blanche?"

"Hush!" he said, "come quietly."

Belinda came softly, and looked where he pointed, and would have cried out—

"Blanche!"

But the boy put his hand over her mouth.

Nevertheless they had found Blanche.

Yes! there she was fast asleep on a crimson cushion with tall white lilies and bright poppies and splendid foxgloves nodding all round her and drowsily ringing their sweet bells; whilst a flood of fairy light fell over her. She looked very happy as though she were having pleasant dreams.

"Kiss her," said the boy.

And Belinda stooped and kissed her.

And then Blanche opened wide her eyes, saying.

"Where have you been?" she asked; "I have had such a nice sleep. It all came from the foxglove."

Belinda looked round to thank the boy, but he had vanished.

So had the cushion and the lilies, and the poppies.

Why it's the old woodpath again," murmured Belinda. "I know the place quite well. Size, wise, prize, disguise; disguise, prize, size, wise," she repeated; "yes, the young gentleman must have been a king in disguise."

Blanche looked surprised.

"Yes, that is just what I was dreaming of. I thought I had really quite lost you, and he brought you to me."

Perhaps the youth was Oberon; but if so, of course he never told them.

"But he must have been a great many Oberons," Belinda went on, musing; "the melancholy pack-boy, the toll-man, the young gentleman! Ah! it is of no use thinking about it, one only gets confused."

But if she had ears to listen to fairy music, she would have heard this song:—

"Each little page
Hath lost his rage,
The punishment is o'er;
The sisters twain
Have met again,
To separate no more.
So 'tis decreed by Queen and King,
Who now the two together bring."

TUFT'S LESSON.

BY P. L. F.

THE dog belonged to him, and he belonged to nobody in particular. He had few other worldly possessions, unless, perhaps, you count an old broom for business purposes, and the clothes that barely covered his poor body.

The dog was highly bred, as one could at once see. His master was only a grimy little crossing-sweeper, but Tuft willingly consented to overlook the difference in the matter of birth, and they thoroughly understood each other.

Charlie's home was one-half of a dark little cellar. He shared it with a friend of his—a dog-fancier—who one day told the boy that he was compelled to leave the country. Extracting from his pocket a round bundle, he solemnly presented it, saying, "He ain't much to look at *just now*, but he'll be a real beauty some day"—and he *was*.

At first he was a soft, wobbly, uncertain thing, whose legs slid in all directions when he was set on the floor to walk. Very soon, however, his mother's pink tongue learned to lap up the milk that was provided for him. Then his weak legs became stronger, and every day he walked a little bit farther: steadily, steadily, straight into Charlie's heart. When he got there, Charlie shut the door fast, and determined that he should never get out again. Sometimes the boy went supperless to bed—the dog never.

But this all happened long ago—quite a year, at any rate—and now Tuft and Charlie went regularly to business together. Now and then Tuft earned a penny himself in this way. He had a beautiful bushy tail; and Charlie taught him to pretend to sweep the crossing with it, then to sit up and beg on the opposite pavement.

Who could resist that? For two reasons this was only resorted to when pennies were scarce: first, Tuft's performance must not be made too common; second, Tuft himself more than disliked it. He was particularly proud of his tail, loving to carry it jauntily aloft, and loathing the mean use he had sometimes to put it to.

I think he was a conceited dog, at any rate he had many airs and graces; but these, to do him justice, were chiefly displayed when he was abroad, or in the company of dogs less well-born. At home he was all loving humility, and absurd, wistful deference to every wish of his little master.

It did not take much to make them happy, if only they were together—an extra penny, or a scamper on a bit of fresh green grass, was quite enough. They were *both* puppies, you see.

A change came! One day Tuft disappeared. Charlie missed him during the day, but thought little of it. So many things interested Tuft; he was sometimes obliged to investigate them, and so he absented himself for an hour or more.

This time, however, the day wore on; it was time to go home, and Tuft had not returned. Charlie felt a little surprised, but said to himself, "He'll be home before me;" and, quite unconsciously, the rough, bare feet trotted along quicker and quicker, until they reached the door—but still no Tuft.

The boy's soft brown eyes grew misty and troubled. All night he listened intently for the well-known pit-pat in the passage, the impatient, impertinent bark at the door; but they never came!

At last the miserable certainty crept over him; "Tuft was stolen." And so it proved to be, for days passed into weeks, and the dog never returned. Charlie could not speak of him: his eyes would swim and his poor lip would droop if ever he tried to. His one idea was to make enough money to offer a reward. Poor little soul! It would be many a long month before he could save enough for that purpose, although he starved himself. He never left his crossing now until quite late in the evening, and he never once went home without the faint hope in his heart that his doggie might be waiting for him there.

Weeks slipped into months, and every day found him at his post with a heavier heart.

Spring had come, bringing fine, clear, cold weather. The east wind blew right through his thin clothes. The streets were quite clean, and there was no need for Charlie's brush, no prospect of business, no hope of supper, "no nothing," said he sadly to himself. He was tired, and cold, and cross, when suddenly something came full tilt against him. He was startled, and kicked out roughly with his foot.

'Twas only a little dog that had jumped on him, and the force of the kick sent it spinning right into the roadway. It picked itself up, looked around with a ludicrous mixture of surprise and dignity, then limped wearily back to the pavement.

"Serve him right," said Charlie; "I can't abide these mountebank dogs."

The creature was clipped and shaved, and all its poor ribs were plainly visible, for it was cruelly thin. Round its neck was a collar of silky hair, and a tiny bunch had been left to adorn the end of its shorn tail. It sat staring at Charlie and shivering.

"What makes him stay there? I'll soon send him off," and out went the foot again. This time the dog avoided it, seemed to ponder for an instant, then jumped up, ran on to the crossing, keeping intent, and eyes fixed on the boy. He tried—quite ineffectually—to sweep the street with the half-a-dozen hairs at the end of his absurd tail.

Poor Tuft! poor Charlie!

Where he had been, and what misery he had endured, he never told, nor hint at the pain he must have felt when his master failed to recognize him. It was plain that he had travelled far for his feet were cut and swollen, and he was weak, too, from want of food. He assured Charlie, by licking his hand, that he had forgiven him, and showed by his conduct that he never meant to roam again.

He proved himself wiser than many men and women, for he laid his lesson to heart and profited by it. He devoted himself entirely to business, and saw other dogs as if he saw them not—however tramplingly insolent, however charmingly enticing, this accomplished actor stared resolutely at nothing whatever, until they had passed by.

So Tuft learnt his lesson, and what may we learn from Tuft? Many things, I daresay, if we know him better, but these two certainly of all others—Faithfulness and Forgiveness.

ABUNDANT HAIR—Abundant hair is not a sign of bodily or mental strength, the story of Samson having given rise to the notion that hairy men are strong physically while the fact is that the Chinese, who are the most enduring of all races, are nearly bald; and as to the supposition that long and thick hair is a sign or token of intellectuality, all antiquity, all mad-houses, all common observation are against it. The easily-wheedled Esau was hairy; the mighty Cæsar was bald.

IN MARRIAGE.

Come, let us sit together for a space
In this still room, remote from friendly mirth,
Afar from light and music, face to face,
Each unto each the dearest thing on earth.
Love, they have left us, our two bonny brides,
Our tall, grave girl, our winsome, laughing pet.
Ah me! How wide the chasm that divides
Our life from theirs! How far their feet are set
From the calm path they trod with us so long!
How we shall miss them, we who loved them so,
On winter nights, when winds are blowing strong,
On summer mornings, when the roses blow.
But—happy but!—we still clasp hand in hand,
Eye still meets eye, and true hearts understand.

Love, they have left us empty of the mirth
That cheered our homestead while they sojourned here;
Yes, they have left us lonely on the earth—
Lone, but together—solitude most dear!
Ah, God, go with them to the stranger nests
That love has built for them and theirs to come,
God, keep all warm and living in their breasts
Love's holy flame, the altar-fire of home.
Dear, they have left us; we no longer hold
The first, best place, however leal each heart.
Yet have we treasure left, refined gold,
Love's sterling ore, without its baser part.
The wide old house has lost its nestling birds,
But we are left. Ah, love! what need of words?

CROOKED ANSWERS.

THE knowledge attributed to the proverbial "schoolboy" must always have amazed any person of only ordinary intelligence. Recent school examinations have, however, revealed a depth and variety of information possessed by juveniles, which bids fair to make the coming school-boy throw his predecessors quite into the shade. Amongst many startling items of information may be instanced that "a fort is a place to put men in," and a fortress "a place to put women in."

"A famine in the land," it appears, is what made the Tower of Pisa lean; and "'cos the moon is changin'," is the reason why it is of a different gender from the sun.

The surface of the earth consists of land and water, said a bright youngster; but when asked, "What, then, do land and water make?" he instantly replied, "Why, mud."

In many cases it is evident that the pupils do not understand what the questions mean. When inquiring, "What comes next to man in the scale of being?" it is rather surprising to be told it is "his shirt."

It surely must have been the same boy who replied that the chief end of man was "the end what's got his head on."

The first man that went round the world was, in a little girl's opinion, "the man in the moon."

It was "Daniel in the lion's den" who said: "It is not good for man to be alone;" and "why the Israelites made a golden calf" was, "because they hadn't enough silver to make a cow."

Reports of school-board examinations will form quite a comic library.

"What would have happened if Henry IV. of France had not been murdered?"

The reply was: "He would probably have died a natural death."

"Where was Bishop Latimer burned to death?"

"In the fire," returned a little fellow, looking very grave and wise.

An equally unexpected reply was elicited from a pupil when asked, "What did the Israelites do when they came out of the Red Sea?"

"They dried themselves."

"What is the feminine of friar?"

First bright boy: "Hasn't any."

"Next."

Second bright boy: "Nun."

"That's right."

First boy, indignantly: "That's just what I said."

The following is still more ludicrous: A teacher asked a juvenile class some questions concerning their knowledge of electricity, and inquired which of them had ever seen a magnet. One sharp boy immediately said he had seen lots of them. "Where?" inquired his instructor, astonished at his proficiency. "In cheese," was the ready reply.

But the good things are not all monopolized by the boys. Some little girls were studying the history of David, the passage for the day being that which describes the shepherd boy's victory over Goliath. The teacher asked the question:

"Now, can any of you little girls tell me who killed the giant?"

Quick as thought, one of the smallest responded: "Jack."

But it is in sacred history that many bright pupils surpass themselves in leaving the region of facts, and boldly plunging into a sea of speculation.

In the opinion of one, "the Pharisees were bad people who used to wash." Pontius "Pilot," affirmed another, was one of the Arabian Nights; and a third genius discovered that "the Greek translation of the Old Testament was called Latin."

To the question, "Who wrote the Catechism?" one said, St. Paul; another, Moses; and a third, one of the prophets.

"To whom did St. Philip preach?" was one of the questions put.

"To the unicorn," was the answer.

Here is the pith of a talented youngster's paper on "The Good Samaritan:"

"A certing man went down from Jeralam to Jeriker, and he fell among thieves, and the thorns sprang up and choaked him—whereupon he gave tuppins to the host, and praid take care on him and put him hon his hone hass. And he past by on the other side."

This, and the following are not, as might be supposed, exaggerations, but authenticated instances of examiners' experiences.

The last specimen is in answer to the question: "Who was Moses?"

"He lived in a ark made of bullrushes, and he kept a golden calf and worshipt braizon snaiks, and he hed nuthin' but qwhales and manner for forty years. He was kart by the air while ridin' under the bow of a tree and he was killed by his son Abslon as he was hangin' from the bow. His end was peace."

Grains of Gold.

He that will steal an egg will steal an ox.

He that's down, down with him, cries the world.

The heart of man is the same everywhere.

He who has no shame has no conscience.

He who knows nothing is confident in everything.

It is not necessary to be offensive in order to be decided.

A duty well discharged is never followed by sad repentance.

Never impose upon a business man's time. See him at his leisure.

Unless you wish to reap the same kind of harvest, do not sow wild oats.

Select a worthy object in life, and bend all your efforts in that direction.

He who would act wisely must always consider both sides of any question.

There wants nothing but a believing prayer to turn the promise into a performance.

Pride is not a bad thing when it only urges us to hide our own hurts—not to hurt others.

Innocence confers ease and freedom on the mind, and leaves it open to every pleasing sensation.

Knowledge, truth, love, beauty, goodness, faith, alone can give vitality to the mechanism of existence.

He who gives a loose rein to his temper has lost the advantages which reason and soberness always afford.

Method implies foresight and a logical mind. A man should think of his work and arrange it beforehand.

The happiness of every man depends more upon the state of his own mind than upon any other circumstance.

To say that we have a clear conscience is to utter a solecism; had we never sinned, we should have had no conscience.

Time should not be allowed to pass without yielding fruits, in the form of something learned worthy of being known.

Right-doing is first hard, then easy, and then delightful. Such is the history of each virtue in the race and in the individual.

Enmities are more active than friendships. Many persons will go further to gratify a grudge than to reward a merit.

Nothing can be great which is not right. Nothing which reason condemns can be suitable to the dignity of the human mind.

No station is so high, no power so great, no character so unblemished, as to exempt men from the attacks of rashness, malice or envy.

When anyone is doing his own true work in the best way, he is always benefiting his fellowmen, whether he is conscious of it or not.

When our principles are founded upon a just and rational conception, we should not suffer them to be shaken by the scoffs of the licentious.

Among all the virtues, humility, the lowest, is pre-eminent. It is the safest, because it is always an anchor; and that man may be truly said to live the most content in his calling who strives to live within the compass of it.

Enthusiasm and zeal rarely exist to-lets together with an appreciation of conflicting argument that weighs all sides of a subject; energy, industry and thrift are not often united with very wide sympathies and self-sacrifices.

Femininities.

Several ladies at the last court ball in Berlin wore crinolines.

As the rolling stone gathers no moss, so the roving heart gathers no affection.

A craze for not only the wearing, but also for the making of paper flowers, has sprung up in this city.

Fifty-eight million dollars is the estimated value of the finger-rings of this country actually worn.

The divorce courts of Paris are driven to their wit's ends to keep up with the demands of those who wish to be untied.

The Massachusetts Legislature has refused to allow a woman preacher of Nantucket to perform the marriage ceremony.

Dressmakers' rooms are now got up in a high style of art, and called "ateliers." The customers pay handsomely for the luxury.

"Does your wife keep a pet?" asked Bigsby of Popinjay. "Well, I guess she does," was the reply. "She's never out of a pet."

A bill has been passed by the Connecticut House of Representatives giving women the right to vote at school district meetings.

At Dublin Castle Drawing Rooms, the Lord Lieutenant is compelled by custom to kiss all the "coming-out" ladies presented to him.

"I marry that little fellow!" exclaimed Miss Mittinice; "no! I would rather die than have him—that is, if I could get somebody else."

Lady Mary Montagu wrote of her sex: "I have one consolation in being a woman—that is, I can never be unfortunate enough to have to marry one."

A long courtship that ended in a marriage is noted in a Trenton, N. J., paper—that of a couple that had been "keeping company for 28 years."

Love, in its varied phases, can acquire purity or dignity only when guided by an inward power over ourselves; that is in itself the very germ of virtue.

Music is the sound which one's children make as they romp through the hotel. Noise is the sound which other people's children make under the same circumstances.

It costs no more to look pretty than to look dowdy and plain, and those who prefer the latter, show an uncommon and most reprehensible neglect of their looking-glasses.

Class in social economy. Professor: "Mr Meninges, what would you suggest as the first step necessary to the discouragement of divorces?" Mr. Meninges: "Fewer marriages."

A young woman in South Illinois has just died from having her ears pierced. Cut this out, young man, and show it to the girl who expects you to give her a pair of diamond ear-rings.

The low-necked dress will not go during the present Administration. Miss Cleveland and several of the "Cabinet ladies" have appeared publicly in decolette and sleeveless corsages.

Grievances and babies were both made to be nursed, and a fair division of labor lightenoth toil; consequently, the sagacious husband will take charge of the first, and leave the second entirely to his wife.

Intercession is the very safety valve of love. When we feel that we really do nothing at all in return for some remarkable kindness and affection, how exceedingly glad we are that we may and can pray.

A dentist lost one of his instruments down the throat of a young lady upon whose teeth he was operating, according to an item in a San Francisco paper, but he seems to have made no extra charge on that account.

There are no better cosmetics than a severe temperance and purity, modesty and humility, a gracious temper and calmness of spirit, and there is no true beauty without the signatures of these graces in the very countenance.

A Wisconsin court has decided that a kiss taken without consent of the kissee, entitles the kissee to one cent damages. The judge has evidently patronized church entertainments where they charge fifteen cents a dozen, and thinks the current rates too high.

In the citadel at Quebec is shown a small cannon which was taken at Bunker Hill. A party of Americans were looking at the gun the other day, while a sergeant recited its history. "Yes," said a lady, "you have the cannon, but we have the hill."

Of all the countries of Europe, Norway has the smallest number of inhabitants to the square mile, and Russia comes next. In Portugal the proportion of population is 1084 women to every 1000 men, in Germany 1028 women to every 1000 men, while in Greece there are 1000 men to every 908 women.

A lady attended a masquerade ball a few evenings since, and insisted on wearing a black domino, much to the disgust of the gentleman who had invited her. The excuse she gave was: "Well, you see, Charlie, my husband died only a few weeks ago, and it would not look well for me to appear as such a public affair in anything but black, and you know people will talk."

"Now," said the bridegroom to the bride, when they returned from the honeymoon trip, "let us have a clear understanding before we settle down to married life: are you to be President or Vice-President of this concern?" "I want to be neither President nor Vice-President," she answered; "I will be content with a subordinate position." "What is that?" "Controller of the Currency."

"Just listen to this, Martha!" exclaimed Mrs. Jarphly, who was reading his evening paper. "One of the dogs in the London prize show is valued at $50,000! Good gracious! That's more money than I ever expect to be worth in my life." "Some dogs are worth more than others, Jeremiah," quietly remarked Mrs. Jarphly. And Mr. Jarphly eyed her for a moment and said she need not sit up for him that evening.

News Notes.

The roller-skating craze has struck the Sandwich Islands.

Over 60,000 paper car-wheels are in daily use on American railways.

Good butter is selling for 17 1-2 cents a pound in Napa City, California.

A five year-old child was choked to death in Cincinnati, a few days ago, on a peanut.

Napoleon Bonaparte is the name of a colored man now living in Lancaster, South Carolina.

It is estimated that the base ball clubs of this country will cost the people about $16,000,000 this year.

Distilled water is gaining in favor for table use as well as in the treatment of diseases of the digestive organs.

Electricity is to be used in Los Angelos, Cal., to spring the trap of a scaffold upon which two men are soon to be executed.

A pair of shoes measuring 20s have just been made by a Milford, Mass., shoemaker for a female resident of San Francisco.

A juvenile farmer, eight years old, who plows almost as well as a veteran tiller of the soil, is boasted of by Henry county, Ga.

A citizen of Stockton, Cal., died of lock-jaw a few days ago, being the last of four brothers, all of whom died of that disease.

A writer asserts that after 35 years' experience in Iowa he has never known a mortgage to be foreclosed on a dairy or stock farm.

There are twenty-four gambling houses in Paris, in which between $30,000,000 and $35,000,000 has been lost during the last five years.

A Presbyterian elder in Kankakee, Ill., who is a great domino player, closed his prayer recently not with "amen," but with "domino."

Nancy Nance, Nancy Hance, Nancy Dance, Nancy Vance, and Nancy Mance, are mentioned as residents of one of the counties of Georgia.

A dangerous trick was played by two schoolgirls in Lodi, Cal., recently, who dosed several boys with raisins in which pills were secretly put.

A Goshen, N. Y., man who died recently, bequeathed all his money to strangers, while his relatives he consoled with the possession of his shot-gun.

Mary is the most common of all names in England, there being 6,819 out of every 30,000 individuals answering to it. William comes next with 5,500.

A minister who preached to some Georgia convicts sued for his pay, recently, but the judge decided that the Gospel was free in every sense of the word.

The following notice is said to be posted in a church in Monroe township, Ill.: "please, deposet Yore Tobacker at the Dore by order of the Dekons."

An inmate of a New York jail swallowed forty-eight pennies the other day, hoping they would produce death; but the odd suicidal attempt did not succeed.

The majority of cases of insanity, said a physician who lectured on the subject in New York, recently, is among persons whose daily occupations do not require much thought.

A cow attached to the gubernatorial mansion at Jefferson City, Mo., having been milked for five years by convicts, now refuses to allow anybody in citizen's dress to approach her.

There are twenty ways of cooking a potato, and three hundred and sixty-five ways of cooking an egg. Here culture ends, for there is but one way of swallowing either of them.

A man in Boston was sentenced to the House of the Good Shepherd a few weeks ago for drunkenness, making the one-hundredth time, it is said, he has been sent there for that offence.

A pocketbook, containing sixteen hundred dollars in bank notes, was found recently by a Danville, Ill., junk dealer among a lot of old scrap iron and rubbish, which he bought for a mere trifle.

The youngest Congressman in the next House will be William La Follette, of Wisconsin, who is but 28 years old. William Watts, of Connecticut, will be the oldest member, being 73 years of age.

After serving ten years in the penitentiary for murder, a Memphis man, an hour after his release, is said to have called at the police station and demanded the gun used by him in committing the crime.

In Great Britain 10,000 landlords, for doing nothing, receive from the soil more than twice as much as the total wages paid to 830,000 laborers for working twelve hours through the seven days in every week.

A prayer book was offered for a drink to a Lowell, Mass., saloon-keeper, recently, by a man who stated that he was out of money, and hadn't anything else that he could pawn for alcohol. The offer was refused.

A baby, one year old, at Biggs, Cal., was supposed to be dead, and was laid out, a week or two ago, but the mother did not agree with the attendants, and with a good deal of work the child was resuscitated, and is still alive.

An undertaker's establishment in Troy, N. Y., was set on fire recently by the ignition of a sparrow's nest under the cornice of the building, and it is inferred that the birds had in some way included a match in their nest-building.

A shoemaker in a New Hampshire town who was drawn to serve as a juror, and was thereby greatly excited, has committed suicide from no known reason other than the fact that he was called upon to serve in the above position.

A young lawyer of Sylvania, Ga., went through that town the other day driving a portion of his first law fee—a yearling steer. The fee consisted of eight dollars in money, a stack of fodder, a silver watch, an old cow, and the yearling.

Shadows.

BY E. LINWOOD SMITH.

A LARGE, old-fashioned house, with green blinds, built almost in a square, and standing back from the high-road in a perfect bower of elm-trees—this is the spot which rises before me, as the picture of her early home. Behind the house is a great garden filled with fruit-trees; and sloping down, terrace after terrace, to the river's side, a garden where the sun is always shining through the long, blue summer's day, and where the bees hum in and out among the flowers, with a drowsy song that almost makes one sad.

Through that garden goes a little, fair-haired child, with large blue eyes and rosy cheeks; digging with her small spade in the moist ground beneath the currant-bushes, or filling her pinafore with stones and pebbles, and building, with infinite toil and trouble, and much soiling of small hands, a castle upon the river bank, which the next eddying ripple will wash away;—singing always, in a sweet and merry voice, till someone calls from the house, "Lucia!" and the song ceases, and she runs away.

It is my first glimpse of my mother in her childhood.

I see her again, years after, the light of that happy home, the idol of her parents, and the pet and favorite of her six brothers, who find no flower half so fair as that which blooms beside them.

She is still as happy as the little child beside the river, and as free from sin. But a sweet gravity sits becomingly upon her, and her face has a more thoughtful, a more tender look.

She has begun to care for others.

Old people look up and bless her when she passes; young children run to her to be taken up and consoled, if they are in trouble. The horses on which she rides; the dog, which follows her wherever she goes; the cat, that is never weary of sitting upon her knee, or rubbing her soft sides against her dress; all these, if they could speak, would testify to her gentleness and kindness.

She is often met in the green lanes and by-paths around her home, with a poor blind woman leaning on her arm; or found sitting by her bedside, reading to her.

Little by little she withdraws herself from the sports of her playmates; yet, so gradually, that they love to confide in her just the same. Childhood with its giddy round of play, has gone; girlhood is softly stealing away in a ministry of love and tenderness; and womanhood, with other cares and duties, is coming on.

In the large parlor, a gay company is assembled on a bright August morning. The sunshine streams in at the open window, and bathes the tall, slight figure of my mother with a golden glory.

She is dressed in white; she has orange blossoms in her hair, and veil a falls almost to her feet, in misty folds.

But who is this beside her?—this grave, dark man, on whose arm she is leaning, and into whose face she looks now and then, with a blush and a smile, a quick dropping of the eyelids if his eyes meet her own? Ah! look at the ring that is glittering on her finger! She has learned a new lesson—she is thinking new thoughts—dreaming new dreams! Tears come into my eyes, and I hold my breath! I see, as shadows, those whom I have never looked upon in life—my mother and my father!

The scene changes. The new home is in a busy town, and the faces around are all strange. Yet here, my mother's grace and gentleness again shine forth.

She goes about with her gliding step and her low voice; she enters the houses of the poor, and they look upon her as an angel! She feeds the hungry, she clothes the naked she watches beside the sick, and cheers and comforts the dying; and all "rise up and call her blessed." My father is a stern and silent man, yet he softens day by day, and grows more gentle and forgiving. Children smile around her, and say their little prayers each night at her knee. She brings their up carefully. Her jewels and her costly attire were long since laid aside; she shines in no gay ball or party, neither is her name heard among those whom the world delights to honor. Yet is her whole life a poem of charity and love.

I see her, at evening, sitting before the nursery fire, with a young child in her arms.

Three little girls, who have been sitting beside her, have ranged their rocking chairs beside the wall, have laid their dolls neatly away in their small beds, have said their prayers and received her good night kiss, and are gone with their nurse into the chamber adjoining to prepare for bed.

She hears them chattering to each other and to the nurse, as they are undressing, and smiles to hear the impetuous Lizzie, who is the least and youngest of the three, lecturing her sisters upon their delay.

The smile fades as the voices die away, and she sits a long time looking thoughtfully into the fire. The babe upon her bosom stirs, as a tear falls from her eyes upon its cheek, and looks up at her.

She clasps it closer to her heart with a fond kiss, and begins the cradle-song, to which all her children have been rocked—the "Evening Hymn."

Soothed by the well-known music, the child slumbers once again.

The father enters, and after taking one look at the little sleepers in the next room, comes back and sits down beside her, and puts his arm around her waist.

She leans her head upon his shoulder, and talks with him in a voice so low that the infant in her arms cannot hear it even in its dreams.

It is a pleasant scene—but, oh! my heart aches when I gaze upon it. For I was the infant lying on her breast—and I have never found on earth so dear and true a place of refuge since—never felt that mother's kiss, or heard her voice! And but that I know Who orders all, I could murmur, that in that sweet sleep I did not pass away, before the evil days came upon me.

The shadow of my mother grows fainter and fainter as the days and weeks go by. "She is not so well as she used to be,"—so people say; and the pale thin cheek, and the hollow cough, show that they speak the truth.

For the sake of those who love her, she struggles with the disease which she knows must conquer her at last, and prays God to soften the blow, if He sees fit to deal it.

With a most touching care, she makes, in secret, all preparations for her death, and for the comfort and welfare of her husband and children after she has gone.

At last all is completed. Her house is set in order, and she is ready to depart.

She speaks less often to those who watch beside her—she prays more, and her eyes turn oftener to the quiet night sky with a longing look. She seems, though still on earth, to "feel the growing of her wings," and to stand as it were, on tiptoe, straining her eyes to catch one glimpse of that glory she so yearned to see.

There comes a time when my father is called from his books, when my sisters are brought from school, and when we are all gathered around her bed. She has been lying there for many days, getting paler and weaker each day, although we have not seen it. But now all notice, as if for the first time, and we feel that she is going.

My father sits beside her, with his face buried in his hands, and Anne, and Sara, and Lizzie cling to him, and look at her through their tears.

The nurse holds me in her arms, and checks me when I want to go to her. The rooms below are full of those to whom she has been as an angel of mercy—all weeping and sobbing. It is a sorrowful house.

The twilight darkens and deepens and the moon rises gloriously in the east. She looks at it a moment with a smile, and turns to her husband.

"Willard, bury me at home!"

"Oh, Lucia! Lucia! I cannot lose you! I cannot see you die!"

He sinks upon his knees beside her, and laying his head upon her thin hand, weeps terribly. Her face changes, and she makes a sign to her nurse.

"My children!"

They take them to her one by one, and she gives them her last kiss and blessing. For me she has always prayed most, and, when I put my arms around her neck, she clasps me to her heart in a half-despairing embrace, and murmurs—

"Oh, who will love my little Mary when I am gone?"

Baby as I am, the words and her tone sink into my heart, and are still remembered. Oh, mother dear! I have found no one!—no one!

They take me from her, and the nurse whispers to my father. He springs to his feet, and lifts her in his arms. She has just strength enough to smile up in his face, and press her lips to his. Then come a few agonizing struggles for breath—and all is over!

There are tears in all eyes when the death-bell sounds that afternoon. All are orphans as well as we. And over that lonely grave, beside her early home, there have been offerings made of sighs, and tears, and heart-felt prayers—the blossoming of those seeds which her hand scattered here on earth. She rests, sweet mother and dear wife, beside the very river where she played in childhood; and, in the homes of those who knew her, her memory still lives, as pure as the lily and as fragrant as the rose. A shadow no longer, but—oh, let us believe it!—a fair and happy angel in the realms of bliss.

A CHINESE ORCHESTRA.—A Chinese orchestra is one of the most wonderful, and at the same time awful combinations which ever vexed the soul of man. First of all, the reeds are represented by a blood-curdling instrument, only fit to be heard in a nightmare, which is a cross between the bagpipes when it suffers from catarrh, and a flageolet which has developed symptoms of second childhood. Next come boxes of wood, which are tortured by heavy mallets, producing a series of tympanum-shattering concussions. Gongs, cymbals, and tom-toms, made of wood and iron, and about three feet in diameter, are the subsidiary musical instruments, and give under skilful manipulation, sounds which resemble thunder-storms in *extremis*. When all these articles are in full blast, so to speak, the effect is astounding. The nearest approach is a street row, accompanied by two concertinas, six squally children, and performed in the middle of a street, one side of which is bounded by a boiler factory, and the other by a riveting works and a brass foundry.

HEALTH AND HAIR.—It is said that there is no better index to the health of cattle and horses than the condition of the hair. Indigestion and all other diseases that farm stock is heir to, even in a short time, is plainly indicated by a rough, harsh coat of the animal.

IT'S not the clock with the loudest tick that goes the best.

A TUNEFUL TRAGEDY.

Silvery-noted,
Lily-throated,
Starry-eyed and golden-haired,
Charming Anna,
The soprano,
All the singers' hearts ensnared.

Long the tenor
Sought to win her,
Sought to win her for his bride;
And the basso
Loved the lass so
Day and night for her he sighed.

The demeanor
Of the tenor
To the basso frigid grew;
And the basso
As he was so
Mashed, of course, grew frigid, too.

Anna smiled on
Both, which piled on
To their mutual hatred fuel;
So, to win her,
Bass and tenor
Swore they'd fight a vocal duel.

Shrieked the tenor
Like a Veuuor
Cyclone howling o'er the plain,
Sang so high he
To outvie the
Bass, he split his head in twain.

Growled the basso
Till he was so
Low, to hear him was a treat;
Lower still he
Went until he
Split the soles of both his feet.

Charming Anna,
The soprano,
Mourned a week for both her fellows,
Then she wed
The man who fed
Wind into the organ bellows.

—U. N. NONE.

Humorous.

A generous father—Government pap.

It is the hardware man who always calls a spade a spade.

The loveliest flower seen at this period of the spring is the shad rose.

The apple business is always risky. Adam and Eve were the first to engage in it, and they had cores for regret.

Driver to lady who is attempting to get into an omnibus: "Sure, an' there's no room for ye inside, ma'am, unless ye get on the top."

The elephant and the turtle may occasionally live to be a hundred years old, but the skunk is the recognized centenarian of natural history.

The best dress at a celebrated fancy dress ball was that of a gentleman who, having lost all his money, went undisguised. Nobody recognized him.

"Why am I arraigned here?" asked the prisoner. But the judge committed him for contempt for trying to spring a Lapland conundrum on the court.

"What One Girl Did" is the title of a new story. She doubtless did the same as all other girls do—jumped up on a table and frightened a poor little mouse to death.

"Charming girl, that Miss Lucy, Jack." "Think so? I never could bear her. She always treats me as if I were an ass, you know." "Indeed—I didn't know she knew you."

An auger that bores a square hole is spoken of as a remarkable recent invention. Newspaper offices will hail this as an innovation. For years they have been bothered with bores who are always round.

A Texas county judge recently delivered a farewell address which excited the admiration of all friends, until some officious person discovered that Washington had delivered the same address many years ago.

Someone asks: "Is it dangerous to eat before going to sleep?" We think not. We have heard frequently of persons doing that. But if you are afraid to risk it, perhaps you had better eat after you go to sleep.

A Boston girl never says "It's a cold day when I get left." She removes her glasses, carefully wipes them with her lace-bordered handkerchief, and observes, "The day is extremely frigid when I'm abandoned."

A ministerial acquaintance thinks that he alone should decide what hymns are to be sung during service. He thinks the choir should have no voice in the matter. They haven't in many churches—that is to say, any voice to speak of.

It is said that bees and wasps will not sting a person whose skin is smeared with honey. This of course may be perfectly true, but the trouble with the blasted insects is that they won't always wait until a fellow can smear himself.

"What makes you think you saw your husband's ghost last night?" "He came into my room, and I called on him to stop, but he passed on as if he didn't hear me." "Perhaps it was really your husband." "No, I am sure it wasn't. John, poor fellow, wouldn't have dared to go without stopping."

A California girl has been discovered with two mouths, one in each cheek. This kind may do very well in the far West where girls are scarce, and it is convenient to have those who can kiss two fellows at once; but they would never be popular in the East, where there are not enough fellows to go around.

"The way to forget our miseries is to remember our mercies," is the way some philosopher puts it. When we have a felon on our finger, and a double-barreled toothache to boot, there don't seem to be much consolation in remembering that we were not drowned last summer. We wish we had been drowned.

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World.

CURES AND PREVENTS

Colds,
Sore Throat,
Inflammation,
Neuralgia,
Headache,
Toothache,
Asthma,
Difficult Breathing.

CURES THE WORST PAINS
in from one to 20 minutes.
NOT ONE HOUR
After reading this advertisement need any one
SUFFER WITH PAIN.

Radway's Ready Relief is a Cure for every Pain, Sprains, Bruises, Pains in the Back, Chest or Limbs.
It was the first,
AND IS THE ONLY PAIN REMEDY

That instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation, and cures Congestions, whether of the lungs, stomach, bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application.
If seized with threatened

PNEUMONIA,

or any Inflammation of the Internal organs or mucous membranes, after exposure to cold, wet, etc., lose no time, but apply Radway's Relief on a piece of flannel over the part affected with congestion or inflammation, which will in nearly every case check the inflammation and cure the patient by its action of counter-irritation, and by equalizing the circulation in the part. For further instructions, see our directions wrapped around the bottle.

A teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure cramps, spasms, sour stomach, heartburn, nervousness, sleeplessness, sick headache, diarrhœa, dysentery, colic, flatulency and all Internal Pains.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of **RADWAY'S READY RELIEF** with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pain from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

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CURED IN ITS WORST FORMS.

Chills and Fever.

FEVER and AGUE cured for 50 cents. There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other fevers (aided by Radway's Pills) so quick as Radway's Ready Relief. Fifty cts. per bottle.

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The Great Blood Purifier.

For the Cure of all CHRONIC DISEASES.

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Venereal Diseases, (see our Book on Venereal—price, 25 cts). Glandular Swelling, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, White Swellings, Tumors, Pimples, Blotches, Eruptions of the Face, Ulcers, Hip Diseases, Gout, Dropsy, Rickets, Salt Rheum, Bronchitis, Consumption, Diabetes, Kidney, Bladder, Liver Complaints, etc.

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Humors and Sores

Of all kinds, particularly Chronic Diseases of the Skin, are cured with great certainty by a course of RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN. We mean obstinate cases that have resisted all other treatment.

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Whether transmitted from parents or acquired, is within the curative range of the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

Cures have been made where persons have been afflicted with Scrofula from their youth up to 30, 40 and 50 years of age, by

Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent,

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body. QUICK, PLEASANT, SAFE AND PERMANENT in its treatment and cure. Sold by druggists. Price $1 per bottle.

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(The Great Liver and Stomach Remedy.)

Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.
Price, 25 cts. per box. Sold by all druggists.

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Hundreds of maladies spring from this complaint. The symptoms of this disease are the symptoms of a broken down stomach, Indigestion, Flatulence, Heartburn, Acid Stomach, Pain after Eating,—giving rise sometimes to the most excruciating colic,—Pyrosis, or Water Brash, etc., etc., etc.

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Aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, is a cure for this complaint. It restores strength to the stomach, and makes it perform its functions. The symptoms of Dyspepsia disappear, and with them the liability of the system to contract disease. Take the medicines according to directions, and observe what we say in "False and True" respecting diet.

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New Publications.

"The Children of the Bible," by Fanny L. Armstrong, with an Introduction by Frances E. Willard, Pres. N. W. C. T. U. The mind of the modern child is ever hungry for entertainment, and writers and publishers everywhere appear to be doing their best to meet its demands and stimulate its further growth. Miss Armstrong has drawn on that richest of moral sources, the Bible, for her topics, and with rare tact prepared this volume of stories for children. She knows the kind of setting that is needed to make each beautiful incident attractive to young minds, and she finds something of peculiar interest in every Bible child's life from Ishmael of Timothy. Miss Willard's testimony is very valuable to the writer, and to the publishers perhaps, but we think that they who open the book and read two pages of the story of Ishmael will not be content until they have have finished with Timothy and the convenient little Glossary of names at the end. It is just the kind of book for the home table and the Sunday-school library, and should be in the hands of all Sunday-school teachers. 18mo, pp. 275. Extra Cloth. Price $1. New York, Fowler & Wells Co., Publishers, 753 Broadway. For sale by J. B. McCullough, 1018 Arch St.

A copy of *Humphrey's Manual*, Enlarged and Revised, bound in cloth and gold, will be sent free upon application to the Company. The extensive circulation of *Humphreys' Homeopathic Manual* has now rendered it a household possession and induced the Co. to issue a better edition in richer and more attractive form. Not only is it enriched externally, but it has been rendered more complete as a book of reference, which the purchasers of the Specifics will not be slow to recognize. The portion treating of Hygiene topics is well written, admirably arranged, and renders it a thoroughly reliable book of reference for family use. 109 Fulton St., New York.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

Vick's Illustrated Monthly Magazine commences the Spring as a publication devoted to flowers should, full of bloom in the way of hints, information, and other readable matter from beginning to end. $1.25 per year. James Vick, Rochester New York.

The Popular Science Monthly has the following contents for April: The Character and Discipline of Political Economy; The Nervous system and Consciousness. I., illustrated; Cholera. III. Propagation; A Chapter in Fire Insurance; Cumberland Sound and its Esquimos; Religious Value of the Unknowable; Liquor Legislation; Aristotle as a Zoologist; Apiculture; Structure and Division of the Organic Cell; The Chemistry of Cookery; Internal Arrangement of Town-Houses; Sketch of Professor John Trowbridge, with Portrait; Correspondence, Causes of the Ohio Floods.—Do Animals foretell the Weather?—Medical Expert Testimony; Editor's Table, Progress at Harvard.—The Scylla and Charybdis of Administration; Literary Notices; Popular Miscellany and Notes. D. Appleton & Co., New York Publishers.

The April number of *Cassell's Family Magazine* gives a varied and readable table of contents. The charming serial stories, A Diamond in the Rough; and Sweet Christabel, are continued, and there are three clever short stories. Articles of a practical nature tell, How American Bread is Made, of, The Road to the Giant's Causeway, of the special features of, Shareholders' Meetings, of, Wild Birds of London, of, Work in The Garden, and What to Wear, the last named giving a common sense view of the latest fashions, accompanied by reliable engravings. Other articles of interest are a review of Julian Hawthorne's, Nathaniel Hawthorne and His Wife; The Bugle Calls of the English Army, and The Body's Invisible Enemies, a discussion of germs of disease by the Family Doctor. The Gatherer is as usual filled with accounts of the latest inventions. Nearly all the articles are illustrated. $1.50 a year. Cassell & Co., publishers, New York.

The Century's War Series is continued in the April number. Admiral D. D. Porter contributes a striking paper on The Opening of the Lower Mississippi, which is accompanied by portraits of Admiral Farragut Admiral Porter, Capt. Theo. Bailey, Gen. Lovell, the Confederate commander, and other leading participants in the conflict. Besides the portraits there are more than twenty-five maps, plans and pictures of incidents. Geo. W. Cable, in a brief article, gives a spirited description, from personal observation, of New Orleans Before the Capture. Theodore Roosevelt contributes a paper on Phases of State Legislation, in which he reveals the dark side of the legislative body, the methods of the lobby, etc. Among the illustrated articles are: A Florentine Mosaic, by Mr. Howells; From Puget Sound to the Upper Columbia, by Eugene V. Smalley; and Colonists at Home, by Dr. Edward Eggleston. In Plain Black and White, by Henry W. Grady, is a reply to Mr. Cable's recent paper on The Freedman's Case in Equity. The fiction of the number includes the sixth part of The Rise of Silas Lapham, by Mr. Howells; the third part of, The Bostonians, by Henry James, and a humorous short story. There are several poems, and the Open Letters and other departments are full of excellent reading. The Century Co., New York.

THE banking firm of Rothschild, in London, employ women exclusively as coupon clerks, and experience shows that they are far more reliable and intelligent than male employees.

GENERAL GRANT.

Is the Old Hero Dying Because of Medical Intolerance.

The *American Homœopathist* has an article on the treatment of General Grant by the Allopaths, in which it says:

"General Washington was murdered by his medical attendants; but at least they were heroically—too heroically endeavoring to extinguish the disease. Their brutality was of the active sort, and in purpose commendable, though disastrous in result. General Garfield was maltreated for months under an error of diagnosis, and at last escaped beyond the reach of his eminent torturers. Here, also, there was much medical heroism and activity displayed, albeit misdirected. Other illustrious patients have suffered from eminence in the profession; but General Grant seems reserved as a shining example of cold-blooded expectancy. To him the little group of eminence have nothing to offer but a diagnosis. For him they propose no relief but in the grave. Ignoring the only source of therapeutic salvation, they gather round his bedside to observe his unaided struggle. The fiat has gone forth that nothing can be done; and nothing will be permitted to be done. Those who question such a decision are quacks and cranks: but who ought not to be proud of such a designation from such a source? Scholarly, refined, cultured, earnest gentlemen: as they are, of what avail are all these good qualities in the presence of such therapeutic bankruptcy? On the contrary, while so-called scientific medicine is to the fore, well may the daily papers announce in startling headlines, "A bad day for General Grant—Seven doctors in consultation."

Yes, the hero of Appomattox is dying!

He who knew no fear in war, knows no fear in suffering. His quiet fortitude wins universal admiration.

President Lincoln, in visiting a hospital during the late war, noticed a poor Confederate boy, mortally wounded. With his native tenderness he put his arms around his neck in sympathy. The sight melted the hospital to tears.

The heart of the American people in like manner bleeds for Grant, the silent sufferer. It would have him get well, by any effective means.

His physicians say he can not recover. They fill him with anodynes, but despite their favorable bulletins, he is daily growing worse.

A specialist who has won reputation in the treatment of cancer visits his bedside. The opposition he encounters from the attending physicians brings painfully to mind the story of the dog in the manger.

And General Grant, perhaps, must die because of this intolerance! Is it possible that there is no hope of cure outside of the medical profession?

Preposterous!

For years medical men insisted that certain fevers were incurable, but *Chincona* proved the contrary. For centuries they have protested that certain renal disorders were incurable, and yet a special preparation has cured, and permanently cured, the very worst cases.

Why may it not be possible in like manner to cure a case of cancer? B. F. Larrabee, of Boston, was doomed to death by many eminent Boston physicians. J. B. Henion, M. D., of Rochester, N. Y., was given up by the best doctors of all schools. Elder J. S. Prescott, of Cleveland, Ohio, was gravely informed by them that he could not live, and yet these men and thousands like them have been cured and cured permanently, of serious kidney disorders, by a remedy not officially known to the code.

What has been done may be done again.

General Anson Stager died of Bright's disease in Chicago last week. "Joe" Goss, the Boston pugilist, died of it. Hundreds of thousands of people perish of it every year, while in their doctor's hands. The cause of death may be called blood poisoning, paralysis, heart disease, convulsions, apoplexy, pneumonia, or some other common ailment, but the real difficulty is in the kidneys. Physicians know it, but they conceal the fact from their patients, realizing their inability to cure by any "authorized" means. The remedy that cured Larrabee and Henion and Prescott (i. e., Warner's safe cure) is a special, independent discovery. Its record entitles it to recognition, and it gets it from intelligent people. Its manufacturers have an unsullied reputation and are entitled to as great consideration as any school of physicians.

Professor R. A. Gunn, M. D., Dean of the United States Medical College of New York City, rises above professional prejudice and on its personally proved merits alone gives it several pages of the warmest commendation in his published works—the only instance on record of a high professional endorsement of such a preparation.

The unprejudiced people do not want General Grant to die. If there is in all nature or anywhere in the world a remedy or a man able to cure his cancer, give them a chance.

Will they do it?

No.

Why?

Is it not too often the case that many excellent physicians who are greatly devoted to the code, would prefer that their patients should die rather than that they should recover health by the use of any remedy not recognized under their code?

THE severest persons about manners are those who have most abused them, and no one suspects so much evil as he who has done a great deal of harm.

Facetiæ.

Eclipse of the son—A baby daughter.

A man is often called a bartender when in reality he is a bar tough.

It was a witty Irishman who discovered that horse-radish was strong enough to have been named in honor of a mule.

When you think the world cannot get along without you, pull a hair from your head and see if it makes you bald."

"What is an epistle?" asked a Sunday-school teacher of her class. "The wife of an apostle," replied a young hopeful.

"The way to sleep," says a scientist, "is to think of nothing." But this is a mistake. The way to sleep is to think it is time to get up.

"I don't know how it comes," said McGinnis, "but I read in the paper this morning that they were going to play 'Othello, or the Moor of Venice,' but it don't say which one.

YOUNG MEN!--READ THIS.

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., of Marshall, Michigan, offer to send their celebrated ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES, on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and manhood, and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred, as thirty days trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet, free.

Superfluous Hair.

Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WAMBOLD, Townsend Harbor, Mass.

☞ When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

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RICHLY BOUND IN
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Agents wanted everywhere for our new patent French rubber appliances for ladies; and other new sanitary and hygienic undergarments for ladies and children. Success sure; entirely new. To the first 1000 Agents we offer 1,000 $4.00 outfits entirely FREE. Address at once, with 4c. stamp, Sanitary Appliance Co., 110 Clybourne Ave., Chicago.

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For a 50c. order we send a lovely knife or an Autograph Album or pretty ring
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50 Satin Embossed Cards, with name, 10c. (not the cheap 10c embossed pack) 3 packs and fine Rolled Gold Seal Ring for 50c. Agts' Album, 25c. Alling Bros. Northford, Ct.

ALL IMPERFECTIONS of the Face, Hands & Feet, Superfluous Hair, Moles, Warts, Freckles, Moth, Red Nose, Acne, Blk Heads, Scars, Pitting & treatment. Dr. John Woodbury, 37 N. Pearl St., Albany, N. Y. Established 1870. Send 10c. for Book.

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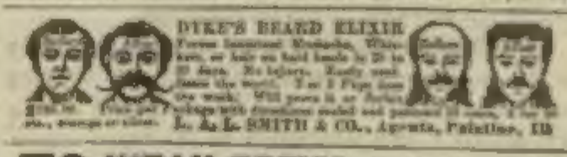
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WEAK AND UNDEVELOPED portions or organs of the body enlarged and restored to proper size and vigor. Particulars, Medical Testimony, &c. sent sealed free. ERIE MED. CO., Buffalo, N. Y.

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THE BEST

Hair restorative in the world is HALL'S HAIR RENEWER. It cures all diseases of the scalp, and stimulates the hair glands to healthful action. It stops the falling of the hair; prevents its turning gray; cures baldness, and restores youthful color and freshness of appearance to heads already white with age. The following are a few illustrations of what is done by

HALL'S
Vegetable Sicilian
HAIR RENEWER:

☞ MRS. HUNNEBERRY, *844 Franklin Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.*, after a severe attack of Erysipelas in the head, found her hair—already gray—falling off so rapidly that she soon became quite bald. One bottle of HALL'S HAIR RENEWER brought it back as soft, brown and thick as when she was a girl.

☞ MR. KNELING, an old farmer, near *Warsaw, Ind.*, had scarcely any hair left, and what little there was of it had become nearly white. One bottle of HALL'S HAIR RENEWER stopped its falling out, and gave him a thick, luxuriant head of hair, as brown and fresh as he ever had.

☞ MRS. A. T. WALL, *Greenfield, Cheshire, Eng.*, writes: "I have found the greatest benefit from the use of HALL'S HAIR RENEWER. It having restored my hair, which was rapidly falling off, and returned its original color."

☞ DR. EMIL SEIP, *Detroit, Mich.*, certifies that "HALL'S HAIR RENEWER is excellent for hair growing, and gives back the natural color to faded and gray hair."

☞ MRS. S. E. ELLIOTT, *Glenville, W. Va.*, says: "One bottle of HALL'S HAIR RENEWER restored my hair to its natural, youthful color."

No injurious substances enter into the composition of HALL'S HAIR RENEWER, and it is not a dye. Its vegetable ingredients render it in the highest degree beneficial to the scalp as a preventive of disease. Its effects are natural and lasting, and it does not make the hair dry and brashy, like the so-called restoratives compounded with alcohol.

Buckingham's Dye
FOR THE
WHISKERS

Is, in four respects, superior to all others.

1st—It will produce a rich, natural color, brown or black, as desired.

2d—The color so produced is permanent, cannot be washed off, and will not soil anything with which it comes in contact.

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200 New Scrap Pictures and Agent's Album of Samples mailed for 10c. U. S. Card Co., Centerbrook, Ct.

Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

THE great aim of couturieres at present is to give, by means of the style of a costume or by its trimmings, the effect of length; with the exception of braids trimmings of all kinds are sparingly used. Plain skirts of velvet and plush are becoming the rule for walking costumes; the untrimmed draped tunic is of the softest woollen material caught up on one side with a flowing bow of ribbon, or with a cord and tassels. Thick twilled surah and supple ottoman silk are sometimes employed for the tunic and back drapery. Open redingote panels, gathered or pleated in at the waist and of equal length all round, often take the place of a draped tunic, and the front part is then handsomely trimmed with braid, this ornamentation being carried down the fronts and round the edge. This style is preferred for cloth and similar woollen fabrics.

The bodices of walking costumes are made of the same material as the tunic, with the plastron, collar and paraments corresponding with the skirt. If a jacket takes the place of a corsage the waistcoat matches the skirt.

A good model of a walking costume has a skirt of nacarat plush, and pleated redingote tunic of fine, fawn-colored cloth. The edges of the tunic are bordered with three rows of half-inch wide braid, in fawn-colored wool interwoven with red and gold threads. The corsage is ornamented in the same manner, and opens over a plush waistcoat striped across with groups of three rows of braid. A new style of sleeve also characterizes this costume; it is slightly gathered at the shoulder and again at the elbow, and is then finished off with a very deep parement of red plush fastened up the side with small flat gold buttons.

The same costume is also made with the redingote tunic in ottoman silk, but in this case the braid trimming is replaced by embroidery worked on the material, or by passementerie ornaments.

No kind of trimming, either for morning or evening costumes, is so fashionable as embroidery, and, it may be added, so expensive. Some of the newest work of this kind is carried out in a new make of chenille braid in the same color as the material, which is used for outlining large patterns of flowers or arabesques; inside this is a second braid or cord in a different color, or in gold, silver, or steel, completing the details of the embroidery. Narrow ribbon velvet is also used for embroidery, and is fastened in place with button-hole stitch worked with colored silk.

The trains of evening toilettes are made very long, and are only seen to advantage in large rooms where there is ample space for the display of their voluminous folds. Movable trains, which can be added at a moment's notice to the corsage, are very ...ient, but the majority are cut with ...e, like the back of a polonaise. ... of the corsage is made in various ... may be cut square or in a fichu ...en in a long point over a plas... ing the skirt, as in the following ... corsage and train of this toilette ... blue velvet, both open over a ... and skirt of white satin, ...ith white bead embroidery and

...ne style is suitable for an embroi... skirt and corsage, and looks exceed... fall in lace, with a thick double ... of lace bordering the skirt, a band of ...out feathers above the ruche, and ...uated bands of the feathers up the ...t and on the corsage.

Plain velvet is preferred to all other materials for trains, as it combines best with lighter fabrics, such as satin, tulle and silky gauzes, but brocade, ottoman and sicilienne are also used for the same purpose.

Marabout feather trimming still enjoys a large share of popularity, and is used very much for bordering the tops of gloves; it is pretty and becoming to the skin. The most fashionable gloves for evening wear are those of white Swedish kid drawn up over the elbow.

Many varieties of fichus and collars in lace, and in cream, and variously colored surah, are adopted for evening toilette, and are specially favored by matrons and middle-aged ladies, who by this means can convert their sober visiting costumes into moderately dressy evening toilettes. One of the prettiest of these novelties is the sailor collar, finished off with a draped fichu. Another more elaborate mode has a deep sailor collar with a high stand stand-up collar open in front, and revers meeting in a point at the waist, all made of ruby plush lined with cream satin; the front between the revers is filled in with a full plastron of cream surah, finished off at the waist with loops and ends of ruby satin ribbon. This collar leaves the throat quite free, although the gauged plastron is nearly high.

A pretty turn-down collar of pleated lace ends in pleated revers to correspond, meeting at the waist under a bow of velvet ribbon, a smaller bow also ornamenting the collar on the right side.

Among new models introduced for spring costumes we must note the following, which is of an elegant simplicity. The skirt is cut long and slightly draped in curved pleats all down the front, the pleats caught up by invisible stitches on each side. All this front part being pleated in shorter than the back, but is completed by a floting which may either be of the same material or of another. The back of the skirt falls straight down in hollow pleats. Either the peaked or basque bodice. If the material is a fancy woollen fabric it can be made quite simply with a basque bodice or jacket. If of silk, a quilling of lace is sometimes placed on the left side, falling all down from the waist to the edge and fastened here and there with bows of ribbons. A dress of this has a close-fitting bodice, rounded off on each side in front and trimmed from the neck to the waist with a lace quilling to match that upon the skirt, and bows of similar ribbon. Coat sleeve with trimming of lace and bows.

Another very new and elegant style of dress is of plain and figured woolen materials combined. The skirt is made of the figured fabric and perfectly plain. The bodice and second skirt or tunic are of some soft twilled plain woolen texture. The bodice is made like a jersey without any seams, fits closely to the figure, and comes down in a deep peak in front. At the neck it is finished with a rather high turned-up collar, edged with braid as well as the front peak and the sleeves, which are tight to the elbow, and then terminate in a small puffing. The second skirt is short and rounded off on the left side; on the right it is very long, simply turned back over itself and fastened up again over the bodice at the waist behind; the edge is trimmed with braid.

In another model, also extremely tasteful, the under part is of plain cashmere and the upper part of light-colored woolen material, brocaded with silk. It is rather an afternoon, indoor and dinner dress than a walking-costume. There is an under-dress of self-colored cashmere, the bodice of which is made full, with a puffing around the neck, and the skirt entirely pleated in narrow flat pleats. A tunic is worn over this under-dress; it is of the figured material and has a low bodice, cut square at the top and open into a deep point in front. It is fastened over the full cashmere bodice with a double row of buttons, and the peaked opening is finished with two small tassels. The tunic is draped into round-off paniers at the sides; at the back it is simply turned back over itself and gathered in at the waist. The sleeves are of the brocaded material from the shoulder to the elbow, and thence to the wrists they are of puffed cashmere.

The jersey bodice is suitable to young ladies of elegant figure. It requires soft twilled materials to look well. Another style very fashionable just now is to have a plain plastron laid over the front of the bodice and buttoned on each side. This sort of bodice is generally made rather longer than the waist, rounded at the back and peaked in front. The skirt is put on in full pleats around the edge of the bodice; it is open in front, and the left side slightly draped over the right. This shows the underskirt, which is generally of some other material, or else trimmed with velvet or braid. Vandykes of velvet worked in applique over some plain woolen material is a favorite trimming; also ribbed braid put on in several rows of scallops.

Children's dresses are as much as ever in the loose American style, with sashes half way down the skirt. A costume for a girl about 7 or 8 years old is of blue cashmere, trimmed with a fancy plaid material. The front and back of the very long-waisted bodice are gauged top and bottom; a flat pleat is formed on each side and trimmed with metal buttons. This bodice is finished by a deep belt of the plaid material cut on the cross. A short-pleated skirt of cashmere falls over a false skirt finished with a deep band of the plaid fabric. Collar and sleeve facing of the same plaid material.

Fireside Chat.

IN that epitome of all this complicated civilization of ours called Society, there is a "correct" and an incorrect way of doing everything. What all is not implied in that consecrated term, "correct!" It means initiation into the inner mysteries—knowledge of their shibboleth. No use pretending to know what is "correct," if you don't. The imposture is instantly detected. It is now "the thing" for a woman to write only one sort of chirography—the English hand. The English hand is very bold, large, angular, scrawly. It suggests sign-painting. It admits of only a few words on one page. Mrs. Langtry has it in the perfection of perfections. Her signature alone covers half the space on a correspondence card. This style of writing has induced a corresponding change in the habitual wording of letters and notes. Those old days when a woman sat down and indited eight pages of small, fine script, giving copious details and multifold gossip to her friends, where are they? Gone quite. Telegrams and telephonic communications have put long letters at a discount. A fashionable woman now words her notes in a style that bears out the characteristics of her acclimated order of conversation. We say acclimated, because the American woman, in a state of nature, has generally an abundance to say for herself. But in a state of grace she suppresses this tendency in behalf of a short, sketchy, abrupt, phraseology, which is extremely British—not forgetting, of course, the excessively broad a, and very open vowels generally, which give her voice the proper and approved English intonations. Indeed these English intonations have become quite terrific within the last year. A Briton "pur sang" wouldn't recognize them as being (supposably) his own. New York and Philadelphia society out-Britishes the British in this respect.

The style of note paper used by ladies of this order is of the heaviest Irish linen, white, or of the shade of blue known as "bank paper" blue. This tint in writing papers is countenanced by the Princess of Wales, who adopts it altogether. Then Irish linen papers are very frequently in the "ragged edge" style. The monogram is voted clumsy and old-fashioned. A facsimile of the first name, for notes to intimate friends, or of the initials alone for other occasions, is written in gold, silver or bronze across the left corner. The envelope is plain, or closed (very "correct" this) with sealing wax—gray is the approved tint for the same. Such Americans who are, or think themselves, entitled to a crest have it at the top (centre) of their note paper, with the address—street and number—in very small letters beneath. Others have the address alone. Residents on Murray Hill give a very "swell" appearance to their paper by having those two patrician looking words above the address. The woman who is quite "au courant" does not perfume her paper much, just a suspicion of the favorite scent is used, and is nicer. A friend writes from Paris that powdered heads, dressed in the Louis XVI. style, more or less, with no end of ribbons, wings, (feathers are on the wane), diamond ornaments and flowers, are quite a furore for full dress occasions. The latest diamond ornaments for this purpose take the form of animal heads.

Imagine a pretty woman thus powdered and arranged as to her head, in a low waist and plain square train of peacock blue brocade, outlined with gold, and a tablier of pale pink under white tulle embroidery with pearl and gold crescents; a great wreath of pink roses, with gold-powdered foliage, thrown across this front, and a smaller one against the corsage. The low waist has no line of white between it and the skin; its deep richness of coloring is supposed to throw out the whiteness of the same in most dazzling relief. Very little in the way of what comes under the head of ruching is going to be used anyhow. It's a thousand pities, because that soft white is becoming. A number of Paris women wear nothing whatever inside the high officer collar of their gowns. There are, however, embroidery turnover batiste collars which are "correct." Collars and cuffs of colored velvet and satin with gold and silver galloon are new, but tawdry-looking, no matter how handsome the materials, and except against a skin of phenomenal fairness and freshness, fearfully trying. By the bye, how common it is to hear practical nobodies, whose dissipations during the year might be counted up on the fingers of both hands, wondering how society women keep up the pace they do and retain a vestige of good looks.

Those who do take care of themselves in many ways, of which their not-in-society sisters are blissfully and naively ignorant. Every few years, if they are wise in their generation, they have a regular recruiting season. They take refuge in some pre-Adamite settlement, somewhere in which there are no inducements to sit up after the chicken's roosting hour; and they wear their hair plain to rest it, and give the pores of their skin a brief breathing spell by temporarily abjuring the use of powders and cosmetics; they drink milk and eat plain, wholesome food, and—who knows? perhaps they carry out the regime recommended by Labouchere, of London "Truth" and lie under the pine trees with an ice bag against their spine.

Massage is another remedy much resorted to by women whose lives are spent in a whirl of never ending gaiety.

There are cases where women strongly charged with magnetism have their services engaged as a regular daily thing the year round—much as a hairdresser would be employed. They are on hand at stated hours. If the lady who wants the massage suffers from sleeplessness she may be rubbed a couple of hours before retiring, on her return from the opera, or what not. All this strikes practical people as extravagant and abnormal. But let them try a few years of the existence to which society yields itself unremittingly and they would soon find that something they would have to do to stimulate and soothe exhausted nature or give up altogether.

Correspondence.

L. H.—Dynamite is pronounced with the first syllable rhyming with pin.

L. H. W.—We will think the matter over and let you know.

TONY.—When a lady and gentleman are only slightly acquainted, it is the part of the former to recognize the latter first when meeting in the street.

N. M. B.—Murder in the first degree is the killing of another person by poison, lying in wait or other method showing deliberation and premeditation.

ELLEN.—We do not think you would be considered sufficiently qualified for the situation, as your orthography is defective and your handwriting requires improvement.

PHIL.—It is tolerably clear that the young lady does not reciprocate your affection; and your attentions, if persevered in as you threaten, will amount to persecution.

V. V.—Woodbine and honeysuckle are both names for the same plant. The woodbine, or bindwood, or bearbind, is a climber, with a large white flower not unlike a convolvulus.

SULTAN.—Stick to your business, and do not permit yourself to be drawn off by seeming prospects to make brilliant speculations. One reverse would sweep away everything you have.

READER.—It is a crime to carry concealed deadly weapons "with intent therewith, unlawfully and maliciously, to do injury to any other person." It is not criminal to carry weapons for the purpose of self-defense. The right to bear arms is guaranteed by the Constitution.

AN A.—No, we do not think it is wrong to try to appear agreeable in society, and for this reason—by trying to appear agreeable you are really making yourself agreeable. The endeavor actually affects the character. The act reflects itself, so to say, back on the brain, and improves the temper. It is good discipline.

G. H. F.—The amount of security demanded upon entering new employment depends upon the duties and responsibilities of the position. There can be no fixed rule in such matters. Advertise in your local papers for a situation, or make a regular round of applications to those whom you think would be likely to require your services.

PEACE.—It is always "bad policy" to be untruthful. In this instance however, with the humiliation you have the comfort of knowing that you have been awakened from an idle dream, though by a rude shock. It would have been madness to keep up a fruitless correspondence. The affection is not reciprocated. Simply try to forget the matter. There is no other course to pursue.

T. B. B.—Pewter goods that have lain by and become black may be restored to their original brightness by immersing them for a few minutes in a mixture made as follows: Boil together an ounce each of cream of tartar, alum, and muriate of copper for ten minutes. Rub the articles until quite dry, and when once bright they may be kept clean in the same way as silver or plated goods.

W. J. R.—If you desire to continue the acquaintance you had better have an interview with the young lady, and ascertain, if possible, the cause of her estrangement. Perhaps you have not proposed, and she has grown tired of waiting for such a dilatory and unsatisfactory suitor. No gentleman has a right to monopolize a young lady without proposing marriage after a proper courtship.

GLADYS.—We hardly think the young fellow's love for you can be very sincere, or he would certainly have discontinued his "constant flirtations" with other girls. Until he does, we should recommend you to maintain the reserve you have hitherto shown towards him. He will respect you all the more for it, and should he ultimately prove as little worthy of your love as we fear, you will have the less reason to reproach yourself.

CIGAR.—Cigars are beyond question better than pipes, and far better than cigarettes. Avoid the latter altogether. None of the ingenious contrivances to protect the smoker from the cigarette are effectual. Those who are very fond of smoking and like cigarettes try to apologize for their shortcomings and to explain away their mischievous faults; but facts are stubborn things, and the cigarette is decidedly a mistake from every point of view, except perhaps for the habitual smoker who is not affected in any way by his tobacco, take it how he may.

J. E. S.—The canicular or dog days commence on July 3rd, and end on August 11th. Vulgar error has been accustomed to regard the rising and setting of Sirius, or the dog-star, with the sun as the cause of excessive heat, and of consequent calamities, instead of its being viewed as the sign when such effects might be expected. The star not only varies in its rising, in every year, as the latitude varies, but is always later and later every year in all latitudes, so that in time the star may, by the same rule, come to be charged with bringing frost and snow.

HILARY M.—Self-consciousness when excessive is a nuisance to itself; and, when vanity comes to be grafted upon the self-consciousness, matters are in a deplorable way indeed. The only remedy is to take a more sensible view of life and its obligations. If you make your own feelings and concerns and hopes and fears the centre of the world, you cannot possibly be happy. Do not either try to avoid thinking of self or allow yourself to find all interest in self. Endeavor to give the mind subject-matters for thought outside self, and you will be better and more healthy. The sickly selfishness of which you complain is a disease of the mind.

P. S.—Unquestionably there is such a malady as "hay-fever," and it is a most distressing one. The disturbance is set up by the particles cast or blown off the hay in drying. Whenever there is a scent there must be floating particles; and the scent of newly-mown hay is very pungent. The affections caused by the pollen of flowers and other irritants are similar to but not identical with hay fever. There are also maladies of a character which affect the breathing—hay-asthma, for example. Some persons suffer in a similar way from the "smell" of a cat or a horse, or from linseed-meal. In all such cases the essential cause of the trouble is a morbid irritability of the nerves. The chemists are now selling a "snuff" that helps in many of these cases, though not, of course in all.